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PICKWICK ABROAD;

OR THE TOUR IN FRANCE:

A SERIES OF PAPERS COMPILED FROM THE PRIVATE NOTES AND
MEMORANDA OF SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQ.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INTERESTING MEANS OF DIVERSION IS PROPOSED BY MR. HOOK
WALKER.—MR. WELLER'S ANECDOTE.—THE OBSTINACY OF FRENCH
HORSES.—THE GENDARME IS AGAIN INTRODUCED.

"Ah!" said Mr. Tupman, when his visual rays were concentrated, as aforesaid, in the somewhat capacious *focus* formed by the body of the systematic gentleman; "ah! Mr. Walker—how do you do, Sir?"

"Never answer with my mouth full," returned that individual, as he leisurely scanned Mr. Tupman's person from the crown of his head to the heel of his polished boot, and disposed of another muffin to refresh himself during the survey. "Well, Sir—and how do *you* do?" enquired Mr. Hook Walker, when his curiosity and hunger were both appeased.

"Very well, thank'ee," said Mr. Tupman. "But what became of you last evening?"

"When I got out into the open air," responded Mr. Walker, "I suddenly recollected that I had left my purse at home; and, although it is not a part of my system to disappoint a friend, I fancied that I should have time to run to my lodgings, and fetch it. Pray, how long did you wait for me?"

"About twenty minutes," said Mr. Tupman.

"Well," continued Mr. Hook Walker, "it might have been half an hour before I returned; and then you were gone. I offered to pay my share of the dinner at the bar; but found, to my mortification, that you had settled it for me."

"Oh! as for that," said Mr. Tupman, producing a small piece of paper from his pocket, "we can easily—"

"So I said to myself," continued Mr. Walker, speaking with an
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unusual volubility, "this matter may be very pleasantly arranged. Tracy Tupman has given me a dinner; and on another occasion Hook Walker will give him one." This, indeed, is a part of my system."

Mr. Tupman made a slight grimace, returned the equivocal-looking paper to his waistcoat pocket, and muttered something about being "very happy," &c., while, in reality, he felt and looked any thing but satisfied with this portion of his new acquaintance's systematic behaviour. His countenance, however, cleared up when Mr. Pickwick entered the room; and an introduction was speedily effected between that gentleman and Mr. Hook Walker.

"Fine morning, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, with a benignant smile; for this was the truly original and ingenious manner in which that extraordinary individual invariably commenced a conversation, with an occasional variation of terms, substituted as circumstances might demand.

Mr. Walker never compromised the rectitude of his system by the utterance of an untruth, as he informed Mr. Pickwick; so before he answered the above observation, he took a good long stare at the snow through the windows which looked into the Rue de Rivoli.

"Yes, Mr. Pickwick, it *is* a fine morning: frosty—cold—crisp—and healthy. Of course you will exhibit yourself in a sledge on such a day as this?"

"A sledge!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"A sledge, Sir," coolly replied Mr. Walker. "And if you have no objection, I will join the party. Sociability is the fundamental basis of my system."

"Do you really mean to say that people go about in sledges in Paris?" enquired Mr. Tupman.

"I could not tell a falsehood, Sir," solemnly responded Mr. Walker; while Mr. Pickwick expressed his admiration at the sentiment, by a whole catalogue of his most philanthropic smiles.

"Then I should very much like to try one," said Mr. Tupman, alluding to the sledges, and glancing towards his leader.

"We will, Tupman!" cried that excellent gentleman, with the firmness and decision he was ever wont to exemplify in affairs of gravity and moment.

"Boozie and Winkle will of course join us," suggested Mr. Tupman.

"Are they friends of your's?" enquired Mr. Walker.

"They are so," returned Mr. Pickwick. "I shall, moreover, take my servant with me."

"We are six in all, then," said Mr. Hook Walker. "And a very excellent number it is, too—seeing that a sledge holds three people—so you had better leave the matter to me—and I'll manage it to the satisfaction of all concerned. Have you breakfasted?"

"We have not," said Mr. Tupman.

"Well, then," continued Mr. Walker, "go and get your breakfasts; and in an hour I will join you. All shall be prepared: regularity is one of the most essential parts of my system."

Mr. Walker bade Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman a temporary adieu, and departed to execute the commission with which he had charged himself, while the two friends exchanged a few hasty obser-

rations, and Mr. Tupman gave a short, but correct account, of his adventures of the preceding day; after which they sought their sitting-apartment, where Messieurs Boozie and Winkle were already waiting for them to commence breakfast. The projected amusement for the morning was soon made known to the two last-named gentlemen, and a hearty concurrence in the eligibility of the scheme was the immediate result of the communication.

"Wery singular oc-currence took place last night, to a gen'leman as hangs out in this 'ere hot-tel, Sir," began Mr. Weller, when he came to receive his master's orders, as soon as the breakfast had been disposed of.

"Was there, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, encouragingly.

"Yes, there where, Sir," answered Mr. Weller; "an' this is vot it vos. Vant of money, Sir, appears, in these times, to be nothin' more or less than a out-an'-out epidemic disease, as the farmer said ven his pigs vos afflicted with the measles: so, in order to remedy this inconvenience, a young gen'leman o' the name o' Wincent must needs go to a gaming 'ouse, vich they calls Friskcarter's; and there, if so be as his ac-count is cor-rect, he vins a pretty tidy sum in a inconcei-wable short space o' time. Rail-roads vos nothin' to the ce-lerity vith vich he grabbed the blunt: his pockets vosn't big enough, so he shoves the money into his boots, and every-vere else he could imagine. Figger to your-self, Sir, this wery great fool, instead o' coming right straight away home, takes it into his stupid head to go an' see a female acquaintance of his'n, vich lives on t'other side o' the vater—in the Borough, you may say, Sir, ven thinkin' o' London. So he gets to a bridge—I forget the name, now, Sir—and there he fell among thieves, vich plundered him, beat him like a sack, and left him for dead. Now, Sir, to foller up the hallegory, the night-police, like so many good Samaritans, come up and catched him as he laid on the pavement. 'He's stiff enough,' said von on 'em, vich vos the remark made by the jealous husband as starched his pretty vife's neck to perwent her turnin' her head to look at the young men. So, findin' that he hadn't got no life in him, they takes him to the Morgue, vich receptacle for defunct carcasses you may remember, Sir, ve saw t'other day."

Mr. Pickwick nodded assent, and Mr. Weller proceeded to relate the issue of the adventure.

"Vell, Sir—they carries him off to the Morgue—they knocks up the porter—and they strips Mr. Wincent naked, and lays him on von o' them ere leaden benches, over vich the vater flows to keep the bodies fresh. They then departs, and the porter vonce more locks up the gates, and retires to bed. But he hadn't been there long fust, before a devil of a row vos heerd in the room vere the dead bodies vos lying. The porter thinks he's got another customer, and is wery joyful on that ac-count; for his salary con-sists o' three francs for each body as is brought in, vich makes about eighteen hundred francs a-year, as I heerd say. So he jumps up to open the gate; but vot is his terror and alarm ven he sees the last new-comer a-caperin' about the place like mad, and tryin' to break through the partition! The porter falls down vith a terrible cry; and the patrol, vich vos passin' at the wery nick o' time, breaks open the gates, and dis-covers the

voeful scene. The porter vos clean dead; and the gen'leman vos as lively as you or me, Sir. Now von o' two things must ha' taken place: either the devil has put a sperit into the body o' Mr. Wincent, or else he vos only in a trance, and the cold vater brought him to again. But here he is in the hot-tel, safe an' sound, save and accept a violent cold and the rheumatics; an' he svears like vinkey that he'll never go to a gambling-'ouse as long as he lives; but that, if he does, he von't cross no more bridges at von o'clock in the mornin'."

"This is an extraordinary tale, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, with a dubious shake of the head.

"So the boy said, Sir," returned Mr. Weller, "ven his gran'mother told him the story o' Jack and the Bean-Stalk."

"Ah!" said Mr. Boozie, with a most terrific obliquity of vision, "I once was acquainted with a man—a woman, I mean—what a confounded falsehood I was telling, to be sure!—who died on a Christmas day—and—no, it wasn't—I beg your pardon—'twas a New-year's day, now that I think of it—and her ghost paid my aunt—my mother, I mean—an annual visit for fifty years after."

"Wery re-markable things there air, in this vorld, too," observed Mr. Weller, with a particularly solemn shake of the head: and perhaps he would have displayed a few more aphorisms of the same kind, had not a waiter entered the room, and presented a couple of letters to Mr. Pickwick.

"You may go, Sam," said that gentleman; so Mr. Weller forthwith disappeared with the waiter, in obedience to the somewhat intelligible hint he had just received.

"The first," said Mr. Pickwick, opening one of the epistles, "is an invitation for us all to an evening party—or *soirée*, as they call it—at the English ambassador's, for the day after to-morrow. I recollect that Crashem sent down our cards, when we first arrived."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman, joyfully: "then, after all, it was lucky that I thought of bringing my best black coat, with the white silk linings to the skirts."

"Is that the fashion?" enquired Mr. Boozie, who was also included in the invitation to Lord Pompus's *soirée*, at the British Legation Hotel, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Tupman, with considerable emphasis.

"I shan't go to that expense," said Mr. Boozie, after a moment's consideration: "but I don't care if I pin a couple of neat cambric pocket-handkerchiefs inside my coat-tails."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, impatiently. "Who is the other letter from, Pickwick?"

"From our friend Snodgrass, I declare!" ejaculated that gentleman, as he unfolded the second missive: "and in poetry, too—unless my eyes deceive me!"

But Mr. Pickwick saw correctly; and, after a few running comments upon the ability of the immortal Snodgrass, and a request that Mr. Boozie would not leave the room, as the letter could not contain any thing he might not hear, the contents were communicated to his attentive audience, by Mr. Pickwick himself, who, in an impressive

and solemn tone of voice, most admirably suited to the composition, read the following beautiful effusion:—

“Think not, dear friend, that while afar in foreign lands you stray,
Our hearts (though rude those hearts may be, compar'd with thine) are
gay;

Oh! no—we miss the smiling face that cheer'd our evening meal,
And when the wine is on the board, 'tis then thy loss we feel!
Alas! thou art not with us now, and pitiful our state is,
While thou art roaming far away with Tupman as Achates.

“I have but little news to tell, for England still is quiet,
Although our sister-isle each day be menac'd with a riot;
Things seem to jog on just the same as when you went away,
And Mr. Bentley still maintains of publishing the sway,
While many an author starves within the Fleet or Banco Regis—
But such can never hap to you with Weller as your Ægis.

“Books pour upon us from the press of this illustrious city,
In giant heaps—romance and verse—historical and witty—
Bulwers * and Bayleys †—Gore and Galt—Hope, Howard, Hook, and
Hervey,
Enough to turn the reader's mind insane or topsy-turvy!
Thus publishers and authors both will carry still the game on,
While you and Winkle roam afar—a Pythias and Damon.

“I went to Murray t'other day, and offered him a poem:—
‘Three thousand lines—by Snodgrass penn'd—you certainly must
know him—
The poet erst in Pickwick's train!’—’Twas thus my case I stated—
(Eight hundred pounds were the reward that I anticipated)
‘The poem's the *Pickwickiad*, in twenty cantos written,
And erudite as any work of Newton or of Dytton!’

“But Murray said the times were bad to patronise the Muses,
And tho' he follow public taste, he still that taste abuses.
Thus have I with my friends the reputation of a poet,
Without the pow'r to let the world of literature know it:—
My verses still are beautiful—I wish some bard could see 'em,
Or get a specimen inserted in the *Athenæum*.

“Of that enough; for I must bring this letter to a finish.—
Be sure, dear Pickwick, my esteem for you shall ne'er diminish:—
Tell Winkle that the kindest love is sent by Arabella,
And Mary bade me say as much for her to Mr. Weller.
Another little Snodgrass soon my marriage-bed will bless—
Meantime—remember me to all—

“Your most sincere,
“A. S.”

As Mr. Pickwick brought the perusal of this most affecting and truly erudite epistle to a conclusion, Mr. Weller, whose person had never left the immediate vicinity of the door, nor his ear the key-hole, made his appearance to announce the arrival of the sledges.

“There's a gen'lman, Sir,” said he, “as calls his-self Mr. Hookey

* E. L. Bulwer, and H. L. Bulwer.

† T. Haynes Bayley, and F. W. N. Bayley.

Valker, a-vaitin' below with a couple o' queer-lookin' vehicles vich han't got no veels; and he says as how that they're for Mr. Pickwick and his friends; vich is very con-siderate on his part, as the nobleman said ven his younger brother had him locked up in a mad-house."

"Oh! they are come, then, are they?" enquired the delighted Mr. Pickwick, to the infinite dismay of his dependant, who, however, relieved his mind by giving vent to a few facetious allusions to the style and title of Mr. Hook Walker.

"Now, then," cried Mr. Winkle, casting a look of apprehension at Sam; "let's start, if we mean to go."

"Hark away, Sir!" cheerily shouted Mr. Weller; and the party descended to the court-yard, where the two sledges, under the command of Mr. Hook Walker, were waiting. The vehicles were painted in a variety of fantastic ways; and the horses' heads were adorned with large waving plumes of red feathers. Each sledge had one horse and three seats: two individuals might be accommodated with places on the front bench, and a third suited in the same agreeable manner by means of a little dickey behind. Mr. Winkle expressed his extreme delight at these satisfactory preparations, and looked as miserable as he well could; Mr. Tupman racked his brain, but fruitlessly, for an excuse to secede from the party; Mr. Boozie fixed his wig tight upon his head; Mr. Pickwick mustered up a desperate species of courage; and Mr. Weller nodded blandly to Mr. Hook Walker, a portion of whose system was to return the unwelcome familiarity with a most withering frown.

"What do you think of this, Sam, for a morning's amusement?" enquired Mr. Pickwick of his faithful domestic.

"Wery grand, but wery dangerous, Sir, as the sailor said ven his ship caught on fire," was the reply.

Mr. Pickwick made no answer; but seizing the reins of the nearest sledge, he jumped lightly into his seat, and beckoned Mr. Winkle to occupy the one next to him. Mr. Weller was then ordered to mount up behind; and the first equipage, under the control of Mr. Pickwick, sailed gaily out of the hotel-yard; while the other, presided by the systematic Mr. Hook Walker, and likewise bearing the somewhat portly forms of Mr. Tupman and Mr. Boozie, speedily followed its convoy's example, amidst the smiles and jokes of the assembled crowd of idlers.

In obedience to directions previously given by Mr. Walker, Mr. Pickwick turned into the Rue de Castiglione, and thence burst, in all the glory that ever surrounded or accompanied a sledge, into the Place Vendôme, round which magnificent octangular *arena* several other and similar vehicles were already parading. In some there were gaily-dressed French ladies, who laughed and chatted so loud that no doubt could possibly remain in the minds of spectators as to the extent of the enjoyment they experienced from the drive; and in others there were tawdrily-attired English ladies, who ate buns, and offered each other biscuits as they made the circuit some hundreds of times. And all this while, Napoleon stood unmoved on the summit of his Column!

"Don't you think you're going very quick?" enquired Mr. Winkle, with a very pallid countenance.

"I can't do any thing with these French horses!" cried Mr. Pick-

wick peevishly, as he gave a most violent tug at the reins, which operation caused the animal to rear up on his hind legs, and nearly precipitate the three gentlemen on their backs in the middle of the Place Vendôme.

"Pray, take care!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, when they had again recovered a more correct *equilibrium*.

"So I do," said Mr. Pickwick; and here he pulled the right rein and loosened the left so suddenly, that the horse flew off at a tangent up the Rue de la Paix, and all but dashed the sledge against the curbstone of the pavement. Mr. Weller thought it high time to interfere.

"Beg your pardon, Sir, as the judge said ven he forgot to call the man in to pass sentence o' death upon him, but don't you think t'ould be as vell to slacken von's pace a couple o' mile or so an hour? Pleasure afore danger, Sir," added the faithful valet with a nod to Mr. Winkle, whose head was turned in an appealing manner towards Mr. Pickwick.

"I think you are right, Sam," said the latter gentleman; "suppose we *do* draw in a little;"—and in the excitement caused by the exhilarating nature of the diversion, Mr. Pickwick bestowed a most unmerciful lash on the flanks of the already agitated animal. Mr. Winkle uttered a low moan and shut his eyes close—Mr. Weller clung to the railing of the little dickey on which he was perched—and Mr. Pickwick examined the whip-handle, as if the result of such an interesting scrutiny would enable him to account for the increased celerity of the steed's pace.

Horses, like boys, can be trained to any thing by the use of gentle methods; but when they fancy themselves ill-treated, they are both most obstinate and self-willed beings.

The animal in question was not unlike his brother animals in feelings and disposition. He was therefore considerably amazed at the harsh treatment he received; and after manifesting a most deadly intention to overturn the vehicle, if possible, he took to his heels, and galloped up the Boulevards at a most alarming rate.

"A wery pleasant diersion, this is, too," thought Mr. Weller within himself, as the sledge glided over the hard snow with a precipitation that afforded a considerable degree of amusement to the crowds of foot-passengers that were assembled on the Boulevards.

"I'll master him yet," said Mr. Pickwick in an agony of fear; and as a first step towards the accomplishment of that desirable end, he, with admirable prudence and presence of mind, dropped both whip and reins, and applied his hands to the rails of his seat in order to retain his balance. The horse felt that he was free, and scoured away as if he were on a race-course, and without the slightest drag to encumber his progress.

The rate, at which the three adventurous travellers were now proceeding, would have brought them in about five minutes to the Place de la Bastille: and if they had only contrived to reach that spot, they would have completed half the circuit of those Boulevards which circumvent so considerable a portion of Paris. But on the very summit of the hill whence a pleasing view of the Porte Saint Denis is afforded to the spectator who may happen to be on that eminence, the sledge

encountered a ponderous omnibus, and immediately overturned, the traces snapping in halves, and the unfortunate trio of great men being precipitated into the quiet and undisputed seclusion of a large heap of snow that had accumulated by drifting on one side of the road. As is usual in such cases, the horse stood perfectly still, and doubtless pondered on the ruins he had caused.

A crowd was immediately collected on the spot; and most exhilarating were the loud peals of laughter that welcomed Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Weller, as those gentlemen emerged, each like "a sea Cybele fresh from ocean," from the heap of snow into which they had fallen. But the noisy mirth of the assembled multitude was speedily hushed, when an officer of Gendarmes cantered up to the place on a fine black steed, gaily caparisoned in the most approved military style.

"Ah!" exclaimed the officer, dismounting from his horse, and calling to the crowd to make way; "is it possible?"

"It is indeed," cried Mr. Pickwick, settling his spectacles on his nose, and his hat on his head; which ceremonies being completed, he was enabled to grasp with unfeigned joy the hand of the Gendarme, in whom he recognised his diligence-acquaintance, M. Dumont. "Here's a pretty job!" added the immortal gentleman, as he glanced at his soiled gaiters and dim-looking shoes.

"Nothing, my dear Sir, nothing!" said the Gendarme, bowing to Mr. Winkle, and nodding to Mr. Weller. Then, with the most laudable promptitude, the Frenchman summoned a hackney-coach, entrusted his own steed, and the hired one with the shattered equipage, to a couple of Municipal Guards who were passing at the time, and accompanied his new acquaintances to Meurice's hotel, where a couple of bottles of mulled wine and a cheerful fire soon restored them to health and spirits. Mr. Weller retired to narrate his adventures to those inmates of the kitchen who could speak or understand his own vernacular tongue; and M. Dumont accepted the pressing invitation of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle to partake of a little *dejeuner-à-la-fourchette*, which was forthwith ordered. The conviviality of the meeting was presently increased by the return of Messieurs Walker, Boozie, and Tupman, to whom no accident nor adventure of any consequence had happened.

In due time the *dejeuner* made its appearance, and was done ample justice to by every one present. Some more mulled wine, and a supply of cold *ditto*, were also annexed to the repast. There was also plenty of laughter at the expense of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle, who however took it all very good-naturedly, and guaranteed themselves against an access of rheumatism by very liberal potations of the spiced claret. After luncheon, they all drew themselves round the fire; one more bottle of wine was voted, and two were brought instead, either through the carelessness of the waiter or the inadvertency of Mr. Pickwick from whom the order emanated; and thus a very sociable understanding was immediately entered upon by all parties. In the course of conversation, Mr. Winkle related the anecdote touching Mr. Vincent, which had been so affectingly told by Sam Weller a few hours previously; and the truth of the tale was partially corroborated by the evidence of M. Dumont. Story-telling is catching; so Mr.

Pickwick narrated one—and then Mr. Boozie attempted another—and lastly, Mr. Tupman solicited M. Dumont to take his turn.

The good-natured Gendarme did not suffer himself to be requested twice: he accordingly settled himself comfortably in his chair, took a sip of mulled wine to clear his throat; and then prefaced his narrative by stating that the adventure, which had happened to Mr. Vincent, reminded him of one the particulars of which would never be effaced from his memory, were he to exist a thousand years.

“And yet,” said M. Dumont, “I have seen some singular things during my period of apprenticeship to a service, which, as I before told you, requires a heart steeled against every kindly feeling and compassionate sentiment. Whether I be ever able to eradicate the following adventures from my recollection, I shall leave you to judge after the recital.”

Having thus prefaced his narrative, the Gendarme related that which will be found in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PONT NEUF.—A TALE.

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.—ST. LEON.—THE CATASTROPHE.

THE night was dark and stormy—the rain fell in torrents—and as I occasionally looked over the high parapet of the Pont Neuf, or New Bridge, I could catch a glimpse of the rapid waters of the Seine flashing as they passed through the wide arches, even in the midst of gloom and obscurity. Ever and anon the moon made a feeble essay to pierce through the clouds that veiled her; and then the tall towers of Notre Dame were faintly visible, their black and threatening appearance adding fresh gloom to the scene.

I drew my cloak closely around me, and walked at a quick pace up and down the bridge. A murder, under circumstances peculiarly horrible and revolting, had been committed there the night before; and information had been received at the Prefecture, that a gang of desperate characters intended to haunt that quarter, in order to intercept any individuals who might be obliged to traverse the bridge in the dead of night. To prevent the commission of farther atrocities, a Gendarme was ordered to patrol the Pont Neuf, and that part of the Island which lies in its immediate vicinity, until some clue should be discovered to track the assassins.

This was in the year 1827; and it was the first time I had been appointed to a dangerous service. I had only been incorporated amongst the body about six weeks—and hitherto my duties had not compromised my safety. Now every thing was to be dreaded at the hands of the midnight murderers whose motions I was appointed to watch; and the utmost circumspection, keenness, and courage were necessary.

The hour of midnight struck at the College of Four Nations; and, as if it had waited for that gloomy hour to commence its rage, the

storm, that had been for some time gathering, burst forth with appalling violence. The lightning glared in frequent flashes; and while its vivid rays illuminated the atmosphere, the towers of Notre Dame, the domes of the University, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, and the Hospital of Invalids, although each so far apart from the others, all distinctly met my view as I cast a hasty glance around.

It was nearly one o'clock, and the storm continued with unabated violence. Being in the month of September, the night air was cold in the extreme; and my thick cloak was but a feeble protection against the intemperance of the weather. During the momentary silence that ensued immediately after a loud clap of thunder, hasty footsteps fell upon my ear, and a momentary struggle—as if it were between two or three men—took place at a little distance. I ran to the spot whence I fancied the noise proceeded—a sudden flash of lightning aided my steps—and at the moment when I laid my hand upon the arm of an individual against whom I ran, the splash of a heavy body falling into the waters below convinced me that a foul deed had been accomplished, and that I had arrived too late.

Without losing my presence of mind for one moment, I detained the person, whom I had secured, in a firm grasp, and called loudly for assistance. The sounds of retreating footsteps instantly fell upon my ears, and I knew that one of the accomplices had escaped. Engaged as I was in holding an individual who struggled violently and with a considerable degree of strength, it was impossible to pursue, or even attempt to secure the fugitive.

“Release me!” cried the voice of an evidently young man, in deepest agony—it was the voice of him whom I had arrested—“release me, and ample shall be your reward!”

“Not for worlds—not for all the treasures of France and Navarre!” cried I, having entirely mastered his resistance, and effectually made him my prisoner.

“O think of my disgrace—of my ruin—of the infamy that will accrue to a noble house!” he continued, his voice almost choked with inward emotion.

“Who are you?” said I, as I led him across the bridge towards the Island of the City.

“Oh! if I only thought that the revelation of my name—of my rank—and the certainty of a liberal reward from my poor old father—who, God knows! is ignorant of the vicious courses pursued by his son, his only son—his heir—Oh! I would tell you all!”

“*Monsieur*,” said I in a determined tone of voice, “communicate nothing to me that you would not have repeated to my superiors; for to the guard-house must you go!”

No sooner had I uttered these words, than by a sudden and desperate effort of skill more than of strength, he released himself from my grasp, sprung upon the parapet of the bridge, and was about to join the person whom he had a few minutes before consigned to a watery grave, when I, fortunately for the ends of justice—though unhappily as it regarded himself—caught the skirt of his coat, and again made him my prisoner. In a few moments he was carefully secured in the guard-house on the Quai des Orfèvres.

On the following morning I attended at the office of a Commissary

of Police of the *arrondissement*, and made my *deposition*. The accused was immediately sent for; and when he was taken into the presence of the magistrate, he was instantly recognised by that gentleman, as a Monsieur St. Leon, the only son of a Count of the same name. His father was one of the richest and most respected noblemen in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; but the accused, his son, was one of the most dissipated young men, and one of the most notorious gamblers, in Paris. On being requested to give an account of himself, and explain the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred on the Pont Neuf, as related above, he obstinately denied the fact of a murder having been committed, persisting in declaring that the sound of no splash in the water had met his ears, and that he was as unjustly suspected as he had been shamefully detained.

At this stage of the examination, an individual, whom I recognised to be the *concierge* or porter of the Morgue, entered the office, and requested to speak to the Commissary of Police. An audience was accordingly granted in a private room; and when the magistrate re-entered the *cabinet*, his cheek was pale, and his countenance indicated extreme horror. A spectacle so unusual in a public functionary of the police produced an immediate and singular sensation within me. Meantime the Commissary seated himself once more—reflected for some minutes—and then, suddenly turning to the prisoner, said in an impressive tone of voice, “Unhappy young man! I can scarcely believe the tale I have just heard:—and yet, if it be true, you must have mistaken one for another—for another, perhaps, whom you had previously met at the gaming-table, and whose pockets were filled with the produce of an iniquitous passion! It is not for me to judge you, young man—God grant that you may be innocent! Suspicions of a serious nature rest against you—a higher tribunal must decide upon their validity. In the meantime, let me tell you that fate—destiny—or, rather, your own vices have probably prepared for you an awful doom—and a terrible tale remains for you to hear!”

St. Leon’s knees trembled—his cheek became very pale—his eye rolled wildly—and his whole frame became suddenly enervated. The Commissary noticed the effect he had produced upon the accused—and, probably satisfied with the result of his *exordium*, he proceeded as follows:—

“Young man, a deadly deed was committed last night—a mangled corpse lies at the Morgue, exposed to public view at this moment—the features are disfigured, most probably by a concussion against the projecting stones of one of the pillars of the bridge—but a letter in the pockets of the deceased—a letter addressed to him—proves his identity with—listen, young man, and tremble—for that mangled corpse, with those lacerated features—that corpse is all that remains of your father!”

“O horror, horror! a parricide!” cried St. Leon—and he sank senseless on the floor, whence he was raised, and immediately conveyed to the prison of the Conciergerie adjoining the Palace of Justice.

* * * * *

“What o’clock is it now?” enquired St. Leon in an almost inaudible tone of voice.

"Half-past six," was my reply.

"And they come at seven—do they not?" he added convulsively.

"At seven precisely," I answered.

"Not a minute later—not even one single, paltry minute?" cried he, his tongue barely giving utterance to the words in which he thus expressed his wish to procrastinate the fatal moment as long as possible.

"Not a minute later," said I, unwilling to hold out delusive hopes to the wretched man.

"In another half-hour, then, they will be here!" exclaimed St. Leon, sitting up in his bed, and clasping his hands together, as he spoke. "Oh! in half an hour they will be here—to—to lead me to—the—scaffold!"

"Pray, compose yourself, *Monsieur*," I began, sensibly affected myself.

"Compose myself! What—when the very knife of the *guillotine* is trembling over my head—when hell is yawning to receive me—when my murdered father's curses pursue the parricide, his son—oh! how can I compose a mind lashed by the scourges of ten thousand demons? Compose myself!" he continued, in a tone where bitter irony and agonized feelings were expressively blended together—"compose myself! And already the instrument of death is erected—the cold steel glitters in the rays of the morning—already thousands have congregated to witness my last moments—and already have the devils begun to stir up unquenchable fires to punish me for my crimes!"

I shuddered as he spoke, but did not venture an observation. I nevertheless inwardly hoped that it would not often come to my turn to keep my vigils by the bed-side of a condemned malefactor during the last night he had to live.

"Is it possible," said he, after a short pause—"is it possible that my vicious predilections can have led me to commit so horrid a crime? Oh! no—it is impossible—thank God, it is a dream!—it is a dream—a fearful dream! Dumont," said he, in a more tranquil tone.

"Yes," was my answer; "what can I do for you?"

"Dumont," he continued, "I have had a most horrid dream! I fancied that I had murdered my own father—my good, my excellent father, with his white locks, and his kind smile, and his mild blue eye that always beamed tenderly on me—that I did not respect those hoary locks—but that I was a parricide! Oh, all this I dreamt, Dumont—and it was a long, a very long dream! And then I fancied I was in the Conciergerie—in a dungeon, and watched by a Gendarme—but it is all a dream—oh! a most horrible dream!—and you are my friend, Dumont, and *not* a Gendarme! And then I thought that my last hour was come—"

As he spoke the clock struck seven.

"—And that I heard footsteps in the corridor leading to my cell—"

At that very moment the heavy tramp of approaching feet, drawing nearer and nearer to the door, fell upon my ears.

"—Then," continued the unhappy malefactor, "I dreamt that the clanking sounds of heavy keys were heard—"

And the keys clanked in the door as he uttered these words.

"—And, lastly, that the myrmidons of justice came to take me to the *guillotine*! But, thank God, it is all a dream!"

He ceased—the door flew open—and a couple of Gendarmes, with dark-lanterns in their hands, entered the cell. Although it was perfectly light in the open air, within the condemned dungeons all was gloom and obscurity. St. Leon gazed for one moment upon the military forms that stood before him, and then gave one loud, long, piercing shriek, which echoed far around, and which will ring in my ears till the last day of existence. At the same time he exclaimed, "O God! O horror!—it is not then a dream!"

In a state bordering upon the most listless apathy, into which he relapsed almost immediately after this terrible expression of the deep—deep anguish of his mind, he was led to a room below, where he was forced to swallow a cup of coffee. Another malefactor was to be executed with him—he was already there, and was engaged in smoking his pipe with the utmost coolness. In ten minutes the Gendarmes proceeded to shave the hair away from the backs of the criminals' necks—their coat-collars were cut off—and every thing that might impede the fatal blow of the knife was carefully removed.

St. Leon was condemned to suffer the penalty due to the crime of parricide—viz., to walk to the place of execution with a black veil thrown over his person. The preliminaries being thus completed, the solemn procession towards the scaffold began. An hour was required for the cart, in which the prisoners were conveyed, to reach the fatal spot where the *guillotine* was erected; for in those times executions took place at the *Barriere du Trône*. Once—and once only—during that awfully impressive journey, did St. Leon raise his head; it was when he ascended the steps leading to the platform of the *guillotine*. He cast one glance upwards—his whole frame trembled convulsively—his cheek became deadly pale—and a half-smothered cry escaped his lips. The other criminal exhibited as much courage as St. Leon did pusillanimity. He was the first to suffer, and he died like a hero, if such hardihood deserve so distinguished an epithet. *His* crime had also been murder.

St. Leon was then tied to the fatal plank, then perpendicular—his head hung almost upon his breast—he seemed unconscious of all that was going on; till when the plank was lowered to a horizontal position, and then his lips faintly breathed these two words—"My father!" I stood near him on the scaffold—I saw the executioner apply his hand to the cord—the knife, already reeking with blood, fell—and the gory head of the parricide rolled into a basket beneath!

When the Gendarme had thus brought his interesting tale to a conclusion, he rose, tossed off the remainder of his wine, and, having taken a cordial leave of his new friends, departed, with a promise to call at Meurice's hotel as often as his avocations would permit him.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EVENING AT THE AMBASSADOR'S.—THE ABSENT MAN.—DISCREPANCIES BETWEEN THE USAGES OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH SOCIETY.—ANECDOTE CONNECTED WITH TWO ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES.—A DEADLY FEUD IN WHICH MR. PICKWICK IS UNEXPECTEDLY INVOLVED.

THE English in Paris, as in every other part of France, are for the most part migratory, remaining stationary just so long as their purposes, safeties, and conveniences are suited. Many of them exhibit a strange versatility of disposition in the manner in which they move from one hotel to another at the end of every week; while others have obtained for the English nation at large the enviable reputation of a peculiar absence of mind, by certain abrupt departures from furnished lodgings, at which slight liabilities in pecuniary shapes remain unsatisfied. Indeed, the English in Paris are invariably possessed of a passport already signed; and this singular instance of precaution is the more praiseworthy, as they are often obliged to undertake a journey over the frontiers on a very short notice. It is a fact—and we will not attempt to deny the imputation against a people for whom we entertain great esteem—that the bad taste of the French is not unfrequently exemplified by the celerity with which they send in their bills, or consign their English debtors to the salubrious atmosphere and watchful care of the New Prison, in cases of defalcation in stipulated payment. Hence nine-tenths of the English in Paris take furnished lodgings for a year, and keep them for three months; it being just upon the verge of quarter-day, that they effect those sudden local changes which so materially enhance their credit amongst our Gallic allies. In some instances, they hire furnished lodgings at their own expense for six weeks, and are supplied with unfurnished ones for a couple of years at that of certain tradesmen, into whose good graces and books they have got at one and the same time.

The clerks at "Galignani's" and the "French, English, and American" Libraries, have established payment in advance, as a rule not only calculated to prevent confusion, but to ensure the payment of any money at all; as they are perfectly well aware that many of the most elegantly dressed young Englishmen in Paris not only frequently lack a *sou*, but also occasionally experience the slight privation of going without a dinner for weeks together.

In imitation of the above necessary precaution, the proprietors of those hotels that are frequented by the English, invariably send in their bills every Monday morning; and not a few of the same are as invariably dishonoured; upon which a pleasing variety of excuses is the immediate result, and the inventive faculties of the English mind are displayed to a most edifying and imposing advantage. It is, however, extremely distressing to relate, that, in many of these instances, the word of an "English Gentleman" is shamefully disbelieved, and several of our independent brethren are ignobly ejected from those caravanserais where their patronage is so miserably appreciated. Hence must the English "at home" cease to wonder, if an English nobleman be arrested by physicians whose claims he evidently intends to curtail, if not to avoid; nor should the London prints lend them-

selves to the support of an unaccomplished fraud, by publishing garbled accounts and statements at once devoid of foundation, evidence, and truth. The impression that the English are all rich and generous, is fast wearing away in France; and the one which is rapidly succeeding that golden opinion, is the idea—thanks to the misdeeds of some of our fellow-countrymen!—that the words “Englishman” and “swindler” are almost synonymes.

A considerable number of such representatives of “Old England” embellished the crowded drawing-rooms at the hotel inhabited by Lord Pompus in the Faubourg St. Honoré. This mansion, over the gate-



way of which are the arms of England, surpasses the residence of all the other ambassadors, at the French Court. It was about half-past nine o'clock when Mr. Pickwick, in a pair of black kerseymere tights and flesh-coloured silk stockings, and attended by Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Boozie, was ushered into the presence of his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, at the court of the Citizen King of the French.

Lord Pompus was a stout, aristocratic-looking individual, with a double chin, a flowered-silk waistcoat, a large gold watch-chain, and an old-fashioned snuff-box. Add to these appurtenances, a wife in a sky-blue satin *robe*, and two or three obsequious *attachés*, and that portion of the picture is complete.

His lordship, having heard the name of Mr. Pickwick shouted out by two or three servants stationed on the staircase, condescended to step forward and acknowledge the bows with which that gentleman and his companions announced their presence in the drawing-room. Mr. Pickwick was quite overcome by this remarkable instance of humility on the part of Lord Pompus; and, with the meritorious intention of displaying his full consciousness of it, he seized his lordship's hand and wrung it with all the friendly warmth usually displayed by Englishmen on such occasions. The ambassador withdrew his fingers somewhat hastily from the too cordial grasp; and having bestowed a ceremonious bow upon Mr. Pickwick's followers, hastily withdrew to another part of the room, much to the annoyance of Mr. Boozie, who had already begun to recollect that it was not in the East Indies, but

in Canada, that he had once seen his lordship eating some turtle-soup in a pastry-cook's shop.

"How very agreeable this is," observed Mr. Winkle to his respected leader, who in vain endeavoured to get out of the draught at the drawing-room door.

"Very," returned Mr. Pickwick, receiving at the moment the whole weight of a fat Englishman upon his toe.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the fat gentleman.

"No harm, Sir—I assure you," said Mr. Pickwick, his expressive countenance being entirely screwed up into wrinkles, through excessive pain.

"I am really very sorry," continued the fat Englishman; "but I am so remarkably absent."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, feeling the weight of the apology.

"Yes, indeed," replied the stranger, evincing a desire to become acquainted with our several heroes: "it was only this morning that I wiped my face with the newspaper, sate down to read the towel, and only discovered my mistake when the waiter came up to ask if I could spare *Galignani*, as another gentleman wanted it."

"Extraordinary!" observed Mr. Pickwick, eyeing the stout stranger from top to toe, and thereby ascertaining that he was dressed in deep black, was about forty-five years of age, and seemed as if he were not averse to that most satisfactory of human enjoyments—a good dinner.

"Nothing at all extraordinary, my dear Sir," said the absent gentleman, becoming still more intimate, "to what I sometimes do. Last night—for example's sake—I was playing back-gammon with a friend, called for a glass of hot brandy-and-water, threw the liquor into the board, and swallowed the dice."

"Very singular," said Mr. Tupman; and his observation was deservedly echoed by Mr. Winkle.

"You wouldn't believe it," continued the stranger, "but I forgot my own name the other day. I was walking in the Tuileries, heard somebody calling out a certain appellation, did not, for the life of me, remember that it was mine, and consequently did not answer. Presently the person tapped me on the shoulder, and—who do you think it was?"

"The king, perhaps!" guessed Mr. Pickwick.

"No," exclaimed the strange gentleman. "My tailor!"

"How very singular!" said Mr. Pickwick, drily.

"Rather," observed the absent gentleman. "But," he added, after a momentary pause, "here have we been chattering together for the last ten minutes, and are strangers still."

"My name is Pickwick, Sir," said that individual, always ready to form a new acquaintance. "And this is Mr. Tupman—that is Mr. Winkle—and this is Mr. Boozie."

"What! *the* Pickwick!" cried the stranger, with vast emphasis on the article. Mr. Pickwick bowed profoundly, and smiled slightly.

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, gentlemen," said the absent man, shaking each member of the little party by the hand. "My name's Scuttle—Jeremiah Scuttle, at your service. And as you seem to be strangers here, I may as well act as your *chaperon*.—Follow me."

The absent gentleman elbowed his way through the crowd, and at

length arrived near a fire-place, closely followed by Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Boozie, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle.

"This is comfortable," said Mr. Scuttle. "Now, let me call your attention to what is passing around us. You see that all the ladies are seated round the room like a regiment of Amazons, and that the gentlemen stand chattering in little groups together in the middle."

Mr. Pickwick nodded an assent.

"And you *may* think," continued Mr. Scuttle, with dignity, "that this social arrangement is very singular. No such thing. In France a gentleman invites any lady he chooses, to dance—she dares not refuse, if she have no other engagement, under the penalty of not being permitted to dance again all the rest of the evening—and when once the *quadrille* is over, the acquaintance ends at the same time. Here, there is no lounging on young men's arms—no parading round the room after the dance—as it is in London. All is conducted on a different and a better system."

"So I should imagine," said Mr. Pickwick, approvingly.

"Oh! I assure you that such is the case," continued Mr. Scuttle, who, however absent he might be with regard to his own affairs, was very communicative about those of others. "You do not even bow in the street to-morrow to a lady with whom you may have danced three or four times to-night, unless she were a previous acquaintance. No introductions—no familiarities. And, now—can you distinguish the English ladies from the French in that extensive circle of beauty and fashion?"

Mr. Pickwick, with his usual candour, did not hesitate to acknowledge his inability to discriminate so nicely as his new friend.

"Let me, then, act as your Mentor," said Mr. Scuttle, mysteriously. "Take a cursory glance at that circle of fair dames, before I begin."

Messieurs Pickwick, Winkle, and Boozie, did as they were desired; but Mr. Tupman's survey was long and critical.

"Now, then," resumed Mr. Scuttle, with a smile, "let me enlighten you. Those ladies, with low gowns that exhibit so much of their naked busts, with the *rouge* on their cheeks, and the preposterous loads of diamonds and precious stones to ornament themselves withal, are the English; and those with the high-bodied gowns, the simple, but neat ear-rings, necklaces, and chains, are the French. English ladies will never appear twice in the same dresses; the French have but three or four for the whole season. The former have costly things, but wear them as if they were thrown on their persons; the latter have less expensive apparel, but it becomes them as if they had made it for themselves with their own hands."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile of satisfaction, while Mr. Tupman was ogling a middle-aged lady at a little distance.

"You admire that wall-flower, do you, Sir?" enquired Mr. Scuttle, addressing his question to Mr. Tupman, who laughed feebly, and looked around to discover the garden-production in question, but sought in vain. "You do not understand," said the absent gentleman, after a pause: "I allude to the lady you were just now admiring. We call all those 'wall-flowers,' who do not dance."

"Ah! I comprehend," cried Mr. Tupman, triumphantly. "Yes—I admire the sex in general; indeed, I adore it, I may say;—" and

Mr. Tupman looked at the moment as if he experienced a reciprocal feeling in return.

"Where are you staying, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Scuttle, suddenly awaking from a deep reverie. "I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting again."

"At Meurice's," answered Mr. Winkle; and then *he* also expressed a similar wish, in which his companions immediately and cordially joined.

"Well, that is curious," said the absent man; "for I am also located there, and my apartments are on the fifth floor, in the front part of the building."

"Precisely over our's," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "How very convenient!"

"So convenient," said Mr. Scuttle, "that I invariably mistake the stair-case, in a fit of absence, and do not discover my error till I am ringing at some person's bell up five flights of stairs in another part of the hotel. Absence of mind is a dreadful calamity, Sir."

"So I should imagine," observed Mr. Pickwick; "and somewhat dangerous at times, I should think."

"You are tolerably correct in your opinion," continued Mr. Scuttle. "The other morning I awoke at an early hour, and fancied myself a chimney-sweep. The impression was so strong upon my mind, that I seized the hearth-brush and shovel, and forthwith clambered up the chimney of my bed-room like a madman. Arrived at the top, I commenced a dismal howling in the usual style, and was only recalled to my senses, or rather recollection, by the onslaught which a fierce tom-cat immediately commenced upon me. Singular—was it not?"

"Very," returned Mr. Pickwick, who began to think that he had done well to visit foreign parts, as he daily encountered new characters, and on each occasion was materially edified by all he heard and saw.

In the meantime Mr. Tupman had screwed up his courage to the proper and necessary pitch, and had invited a young lady to honour him with her hand in the ensuing *quadrille*. Mr. Winkle, with a pleasing variety of blushes, followed his friend's example; and Mr. Boozie regretted that he had not pinned the cambric-handkerchiefs to his coat-tails, as he might then have danced also.

While Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle were thus engaged in "doing the agreeable" to their fair partners, the absent gentleman proceeded to entertain Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Boozie with a variety of amusing anecdotes, either illustrative and descriptive of Parisian habits and manners, or relative to the personages that crowded the splendid *salons* of the ancient palace of the family of Borghese—for such is the present abode of the English Ambassador in Paris.

"That lady," said Mr. Scuttle, "whom you see talking to the handsome French officer in uniform, and who is somewhat stout and dumpy, although not badly-looking withal, is the celebrated Mrs. Goffe, the authoress. She is a quiet, domesticated woman, fond of her children, and devotedly attached to literary pursuits. Her novels are some of the most approved productions of the day. The tall thin individual, dressed in black, and talking to the lady in the large turban, is Mrs. Goffe's husband. He is good-looking, but somewhat

wild, I fear. On the whole, however, he is much liked by the English in Paris—and that, Mr. Pickwick, is saying a great deal.”

“Certainly,” returned the gentleman thus addressed. “But, pray, who is that short person conversing with the Ambassador? He wears the red riband in his button-hole.”

“That is Mr. Beechy, the English lawyer,” answered Mr. Scuttle. “He is counsel to the English Embassy, and has written several works concerning international law, for which King Louis-Philippe conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood. But do you observe that stout gentleman in uniform, with a divers-coloured riband on his breast? That is Sir Robert Still, who formerly served in the Spanish or Portuguese army—I forget which: he is a great favourite at the Tuileries, and has resided a long time in Paris. The person, to whom he is speaking, is General Vansmisson, a gallant Dutch officer, who acquired a considerable degree of reputation and a multitude of wounds, in the Russian campaign. Amongst the group stationed near the door,” continued Mr. Scuttle, with a degree of volubility that quite astonished his two attentive listeners, “you may distinguish a short individual, dreadfully marked with the small-pox, and talking with a degree of emphasis that betrays a consciousness of superiority. That is Baron James Rochiel, the great banker: he is doubtless discussing the merits of some beauty, or boasting of favours which were never accorded him, with young Ashby, Lord Pompus’s *attaché*.”

Mr. Scuttle paused to gather breath, and Mr. Pickwick glanced around him with a countenance wreathed into smiles of the most interesting philanthropy. That great man knew that he was in the society of many of his fellow-countrymen, even in a strange land; he was also aware that he himself was no inconsiderable ornament to the nation whose Ambassador had honoured him with his notice; and in every whisper that passed between the various knots into which the guests were collected, during the interval of leisure succeeding a *quadrille*, he felt convinced that the words which were breathed announced a consciousness of the presence of Samuel Pickwick, Tracy Tupman, and Nathaniel Winkle. His honest heart leapt at the idea; and, in the pride of the moment, he thought within himself, “Even Boozie is now indebted to us for a certain tributary lustre which surrounds him!”

The current of these grand ideas was interrupted by a tray which an over-obsequious water thrust into Mr. Pickwick’s somewhat corpulent stomach; so that in the momentary anguish caused by the servant’s negligence, that truly immortal man, with a presence of mind that few individuals could boast of, seized hold of a glass of strong negus, and tossed the pleasant mixture off at a draught. So praiseworthy an example could not do otherwise than find disciples; and Messieurs Boozie and Scuttle instantly performed the same ceremony.

Messieurs Tupman and Winkle now rejoined their friends; but to their astonishment Mr. Scuttle stared first at one, and then at the other, in a manner exceedingly embarrassing to the two gentlemen in question.

“Acquaintances of your’s, Sir, I presume?” said Mr. Scuttle, appealing to Mr. Pickwick.

"What! do you not recollect them?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, in astonishment not unmixed with anger. "I introduced them as—"

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Scuttle, hastily. "I declare I quite forgot you. A thousand pardons—but you know how absent I am."

Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle of course laughed as heartily as propriety and *politesse* permitted them; and Mr. Boozie had already begun a story, when Mr. Scuttle again seized upon the conversation as his own exclusive right.

"Dreadful thing, this perpetual absence of mind," said that gentleman: "it gets me into a thousand scrapes. An aunt of mine died a few months ago, and left me a pleasant little fortune. I therefore determined to bury her with meet honours, and issued cards accordingly. But in a moment of distraction, I summoned about thirty guests to my aunt's 'marriage' instead of 'funeral;' and sure enough they came in gay attire and white gloves. I never was so ashamed in my life, I can assure you."

"I can easily fancy that," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Can you?" said Mr. Scuttle. "Well, that's very kind of you. But, I think, gentlemen," he added, addressing himself to Messieurs Tupman and Winkle, "that if you mean to dance again, you had better make haste."

This hint was immediately attended to; and in another minute those illustrious individuals were capering away like Bedlamites.

"Pray, have you been long in France?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, having assured himself, by a cursory glance, that his followers were amusing themselves in a highly creditable and innocent manner.

"Several years, my dear Sir," replied Mr. Scuttle. "I intended to visit Holland, and accordingly embarked in the first steam-vessel that was destined for the Continent, without thinking of enquiring to which country or port it was bound. Conceive my astonishment, when, a light-house and a couple of towers appearing in the distance, the captain assured me, in answer to an enquiry, that we were about to land at Calais. I therefore determined to hasten to Brussels immediately, and thence pass into Holland; but I caused my passport to be signed for Paris by mistake, and did not think it worth while to correct the error."

"And you are fond of Paris, Sir?" said Mr. Boozie, fidgetting his wig: "that is—I mean—you like it."

"Oh! decidedly!" replied Mr. Scuttle: "there is no city in the world to be compared to it. Even this very hotel is equal, in size and splendour, to most of the royal palaces in England. At a future day I shall have the pleasure of escorting you to the Tuileries, and will then leave you to judge for yourselves."

We do not find, in the private notes of Mr. Pickwick, any account of the manner in which Messieurs Tupman and Winkle acquitted themselves in the last *quadrille*, with their fair partners. We therefore presume that nothing extraordinary occurred to interrupt the harmony of the evening, which passed away as most evenings of the same kind usually do.

It was about twelve o'clock when Mr. Scuttle proposed to retire; but this was objected to by Mr. Boozie, and slightly remonstrated

against by Mr. Pickwick, those two gentleman being somewhat anxious to wait for supper.

"Supper!" exclaimed Mr. Scuttle; "at the English Ambassador's house! Oh!—no—never, my dear Sirs—never. Not even if he were as absent as I, would he, in a most extreme state of oblivion, so far forget his prudential and economical arrangements, as to give supper."

"In that case, then, we had better depart, and get some at the hotel," said Mr. Pickwick. "But who is that clumsy-built, vulgar-looking person, to whom Lord Pompus is bowing so obsequiously?"

"Marshal Soult," replied Mr. Scuttle, laconically; "one of the bravest and most celebrated living warriors. None of Napoleon's generals were very famous for any extraordinary degree of refinement in their manners; but they made better soldiers, though, on that account. Did you ever hear the anecdote relative to Marshal Macdonald—a French chief—and the Duke of W*****?"

"No, I have not," returned Mr. Pickwick; "but I should like to hear it amazingly, if it would not be giving you too much trouble."

"Oh! not at all," said the absent gentleman, whose garrulity was unwearied. "Indeed, I am not at all astonished that you have *not* heard it; for the circumstance was tolerably well hushed up at the time, and is only now current amongst a few individuals. But it will just wile away the quarter of an hour's ride home. Let us withdraw, and I will indulge your curiosity in the hackney-coach."

Mr. Pickwick and his companions put themselves under the convoy of Mr. Scuttle, and retreated from the Ambassador's hotel with due order and sobriety. In the space of a minute they all five crowded themselves into a *fiacre*; and as the vehicle rolled onwards to Meurice's Hotel, Mr. Scuttle narrated the following singular anecdote:—

"When the Army of Occupation was here in 18—, the principal officers of the French forces determined to exemplify their good feeling towards the English to the utmost of their power; and it was unanimously resolved, that a grand entertainment should be given, in the Salle Saint Jean, at the Hotel-de-Ville, to the Duke of W***** and his chief supporters. A day was accordingly fixed—the invitations were issued and accepted with delight—and magnificent were the preparations for the banquet. It was supposed that not less than half a million of francs, or about twenty thousand pounds of English sterling money, was expended, in order that the English should be welcomed by the appearance of every splendour, luxury, and comfort that gold could purchase. At length the appointed day arrived; and at six o'clock in the evening, the Marshals of France—those warriors who had formerly carried their conquests all over Europe—were assembled in the Salle Saint Jean, to await the arrival of their guests. The elegant uniforms of the Marshals, the gorgeous dresses of the multitudes of ladies who had been invited to add lustre to the scene by their presence, the brilliant display of plate, &c., on the banquetting-table, and the varied liveries of the numerous lacqueys and attendants, formed a scene at once imposing and cheerful. The English officers arrived in good time, and were welcomed with all the cordiality their late enemies could lavish upon them. And in the hearts of those French heroes, there were no jealous—no sinister—no hypocritical sentiments: they had been conquered by the overwhelm-

ing superiority of numbers marshalled against them by the Allies, and by the treachery of some of their comrades: they therefore bowed to the force of circumstances, and grasped, with friendly warmth, the out-stretched hands of their gallant foes. Thus all was gaiety, mirth, and good feeling: but the Duke of W***** had not yet made his appearance. The cards of invitation had been issued for six o'clock; and still he came not. Half-past six o'clock—then seven—and then another hour elapsed without his making his appearance. The feast was for the most part entirely spoilt—the Marshals felt themselves aggrieved—and an air of gloom and despondency was shed on all present. At length the Duke made his appearance, having kept the entertainment waiting two hours and a half. But in what state did he come? He wore his riding surtout-coat, dusty boots, with spurs, and carried a riding-whip in his hand.—‘You are somewhat late, my Lord,’ said Marshal Macdonald, when the usual ceremonial greetings had taken place.—‘Yes,’ replied the Duke, without offering an apology; ‘I have been riding in the Bois de Boulogne all the afternoon, and was so pleased with the ladies whom I met there, that I found it impossible to tear myself away till now.’—Marshal Macdonald bit his lip, but said nothing. The company seated themselves at the table, and the banquet was forthwith served up; after which there were dancing and music; but the spirits of the guests were depressed by the circumstance already related. The party therefore broke up at an early hour; and as the Duke of W***** was in the act of retiring, Marshal Macdonald whispered a word in his ear.—‘My lord duke,’ said the French officer, ‘you inflicted a gross insult this evening, upon men who had assembled to do you honour. Since, therefore, you are so partial to the Bois de Boulogne, I must request you to meet me there at six o'clock to-morrow morning.’—And what do you think was the result?” enquired Mr. Scuttle, appealing to Mr. Pickwick, as the hackney-coach stopped at the gate of Meurice’s Hotel.

“They met, of course,” returned that gentleman.

“No such thing,” said the absent man: “the challenge was refused—the matter hushed up amongst the English—and there the affair ended. As I before remarked, the anecdote is not generally known; but it still dwells in the memory of a few—and from one of that select number did I learn it. You may, therefore, rely upon its truth.”

“And a very interesting little anecdote it is,” said Mr. Pickwick, as they all entered the coffee-room, where there was a cheerful fire. “But what should you say to a slight supper?” added that gentleman, with his usual consideration for the wants of others.

“Not for me,” returned Mr. Scuttle. “Whenever I eat supper, I invariably walk in my sleep, or have the night-mare. I shall therefore say ‘Good night.’”

“Good night,” echoed the Pickwickians and Mr. Boozie.

“Good night,” cried Mr. Scuttle; and the absent gentleman disappeared in the company of a flat candlestick.

A slight supper of about a dozen hot dishes and a bottle of brandy, with hot water and sugar, were speedily prepared for the hungry travellers; and at a very late hour they sought each his respective chamber. But what was Mr. Pickwick’s astonishment, when, just as

he was about to step into bed, he discovered another tenant in that delicious abode; and, on farther inspection, became aware of the pleasing fact, that the absent gentleman was fast asleep between the identical sheets to which he was about to consign his own illustrious limbs! Mr. Pickwick started back in silent horror, and glanced hastily round the room, when other equally agreeable objects met his view. The absent man had swept up the ashes in the grate with Mr. Pickwick's hair-brush—he had stopped up a broken window with a pair of Mr. Pickwick's tights—he had filled Mr. Pickwick's best hat with water, and stood his rush-light in it—and lastly, he had put out the wax-candle with Mr. Pickwick's night-cap.

Human nature could not endure this complication of injuries. It seemed that Mr. Pickwick was destined never to enjoy an uninterrupted night's rest in the Hotel Meurice. Philanthropy—leniency—mercy—all were forgotten: Mr. Pickwick tucked up his shirt sleeves with the utmost haste, and forthwith commenced so desperate an attack on the ribs of the absent gentleman, that sleep soon forsook his eyes, and, fancying himself a prize-fighter, he jumped manfully out of bed, and returned, with compound interest, the favours Mr. Pickwick was so liberally and profusely bestowing on him. In the words of a celebrated modern poet*—

“ the battle's rage
Was like the strife that billows wage,
Where Orinoco in his pride
Rolls to the main no tribute tide,
But 'gainst broad ocean dashes far
A rival sea of roaring war;
While, in ten thousand eddies driven,
The foaming surges fly to heaven,
And the pale pilot seeks in vain
Where rolls the river, where the main ;”—

and in all probability the desperate conflict would have been continued half-an-hour longer, had not Mr. Boozie suddenly rushed into the room—for Messieurs Tupman and Winkle prudently acted as listeners instead of operators—and separated the combatants, for which unthankful act of kindness Mr. Pickwick would have pitched into him also, had not exhaustion compelled that extraordinary man, whose exploits in war are as remarkable as his proceedings in matters of peace, to sink into a chair. Mr. Scuttle took advantage of this cessation of hostilities, to gather up his clothes and decamp to his own chamber; and Mr. Boozie, having wished his friend a good night's rest, also retired to his apartment, while Mr. Pickwick remained alone, and upon the chair, gazing with a species of grim satisfaction on the objects around, like Marius sitting amongst the ruins of Carthage.

* Sir Walter Scott.—“ Rokeby.”

CHAPTER XV.

MR. WELLER'S OPINION OF MR. ADOLPHUS CRASHM.—A MORNING'S DEBAUCH, AND THE WAY TO DISCOUNT A BILL.—THE DEGRADATION OF A SOLDIER ON THE PLACE VENDÔME.—THE MARSEILLAISE.—A COMMUNICATION FROM M. DUMONT.—FRENCH POLITENESS.

IN the meantime, Mr. Weller had amused himself, in imitation of the example so laudably set him by his venerated master. He had presided at a Pork-chop Club, over an exclusive and fashionable party of English gentlemen, who, for the most part, were embellished with ten days' shirts, and stockings of a like antiquity; and as the meeting was held at a select tavern, the domestic economy and glorious uncleanness of which were subjected to the dominion of a drunken Irish landlord, there had been no want of license in the use of the "creature." It is not, therefore, astonishing if Mr. Weller were somewhat late in his diurnal, or rather matinal visit, to his master's room on the morning that immediately followed the events so faithfully detailed in the preceding chapter.

"What's o'clock, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Ten, Sir," replied that gentleman, laconically.

"Ten!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sitting up in his bed: "you don't mean to say so."

"I vosn't aweer that you'd any wery partickler bisness to tran-sact this mornin', Sir," said Mr. Weller, "or I'd ha' called you afore. The fact is, Sir, I pre-sided at a wery gen-teel swarry last evening; and I raly don't know how it where, but either the liquor vosn't wery weak, or my head wery strong, and so—"

"And so you were rather tipsy, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, coming to his dependant's aid with the kindness of disposition that so essentially characterized all his trivial as well as his important deeds.

"Rayther, Sir," returned Mr. Weller. "But him as okkipies the cheer at them public meetins is always obligated to drink more than the rest; and that's comin' it a little too strong, as the old 'ooman remarked venthe doctor offered her the seventeenth pill in the course of the hour."

"I purpose calling on Mr. Crashem to-day," said Mr. Pickwick, after a pause during which he emerged from his bed.

"Hem!" said Mr. Weller, dubiously, and leisurely desisting from his occupation of playing with his copper watch-chain.

"What did you say, Sam?" cried his master.

"I merely said 'hem,' Sir," returned the valet, drily.

"And why did you say 'hem?'" demanded Mr. Pickwick, as he applied an immense lather-brush to his expressive face.

"Cos, Sir," answered Mr. Weller, "he ain't no good, I'm wery much afeerd. His name's veared out, the vaggibund! on my books, as the Sheriff's officer said ven he refused to take Bill Styles's bail for the gen'leman in trouble."

"I'm sorry to hear you talk in this way, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, casting a solemn glance at his faithful attendant.

"Can't help von's thoughts, Sir," continued Mr. Weller: "an' my o-pinion o' Mr. Craschem is; that he's like a reglar dealer in deceptions, in a hallegorical sense."

"A story-teller, I suppose, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Just like von o' them chaps as sells brass ornimints for gold vons," explained Mr. Weller.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Pickwick, who probably more than half suspected that his sagacious servant was not far wrong. "But he is a stranger in a strange land, Sam—he has no friends—"

"Exactly vot the costermonger re-marked, ven he volloped his donkey, Sir," ejaculated Mr. Weller, by way of illustrating his master's observation.

"I therefore shall not desert him," continued Mr. Pickwick. "But you had better go down stairs, now—Sam—and order breakfast," added that great observer of the human race, with unwonted deliberation: "I shall follow immediately—" a proceeding, which, in the opinion of a malicious commentator, might originate an opinion that Mr. Pickwick was very desirous of putting a stop to a conversation in which his valet had the better side of the argument.

Shortly after breakfast, the little party was joined by Mr. Tims, who had passed the whole of the two preceding days with his particular friend Mr. Adolphus Craschem, in the very agreeable and quiet chamber occupied by that gentleman, next to a stack of chimneys on the top story of the New Prison. Mr. Tims gladly accepted Mr. Pickwick's invitation to accompany him and his companions to that select menagerie of caged specimens of the human species, and declared that the call would be the more agreeable, as Mr. Craschem had succeeded in getting a bill discounted the day before.

"A bill!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; "and for what amount?"

"Eighty pounds, I believe," returned Mr. Tims, with a sly laugh. "But, come along—and you shall see the exchange our friend has made—he giving a scrap of paper with some writing on it, and the money-broker, who, by the bye, is as excellent and worthy a Jew as ever wrote himself down 'Moses,' supplying him with one-third in cash, and the remainder in a variety of useful goods and effects."

The curiosity of the Pickwickians was sensibly awakened by these mysterious hints; and all haste was made to reach the prison. Accordingly in three quarters of an hour, or thereabouts, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Boozie, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Tims, stood at Mr. Adolphus Craschem's door, on the panels of which the first named gentleman knocked somewhat loudly.

"Come in, you blackguards, you!" cried a loud voice which was immediately recognised as a portion of Mr. Craschem's worldly possessions, in spite of the thickness and hesitation with which the words were articulated. Mr. Pickwick, thus adjured, threw the door wide open, and advanced a few paces into the room, followed by his companions in the rear. But there he stopped short, as if suddenly petrified, and thus forcibly rivetted to the spot—for most singular was the scene upon which he had suddenly burst. And this was it.

On the table was a pleasing variety of bottles of all shapes and colours; some half full, others entirely empty, and tastefully ranged around an immense hand-bason in which there still remained a portion

of a certain liquid that essentially resembled rum-punch. These arrangements were backed by cigars, and the ashes of cigars in profusion—a lighted candle, with a gigantic wick—and all the *et ceteras* that indicate the enactment of a thorough debauch. In one corner of the room was a tremendous pile of household goods, amongst which the curious eye of Mr. Pickwick detected—upon a rough calculation—about three dozen mops, a dozen coal-scuttles, six warming-pans, six or eight dozen toasting-forks, an entire army of boot-jacks, and numberless other articles usually appropriated in small quantities to domestic uses.

But where was the owner of the apartment thus stored? Mr. Crashem was seated upon a chair in which he with difficulty maintained his balance; a cigar was in his mouth, a tumbler of punch in his hand, and his eye contemplated, with a species of vacant satisfaction, the mops and brooms that relieved the sight in the perspective of his chamber. Mr. Lipman was seated upon the floor with his back to the wall, being too much intoxicated to remain stationary on a more convenient seat; and the eternal wooden pipe was performing for him its wonted and agreeable office of emitting volumes of smoke. Add to this description, the person of Mr. Jopling, who was quietly snoring away under the table, where he had fallen an hour before, and the interesting scene is complete. The three friends, upon the strength of the discount, had prudently determined “to make a night of it;” and they had done so with a vengeance: indeed, Mr. Crashem looked very much like a man who intended to make a quiet day of it also.

“Ah! Pick—Pick—wick, how d’ye do, old--chap?” enquired Mr. Adolphus Crashem, glancing vacantly from the household furniture towards his visitor, and still dubious whether it really were Mr. Pickwick or not. “How d’ye do, though?” he added, after a moment, which he wisely employed in a strict scrutiny of the person of our great hero: “pray, sit down—and do as we do. I can’t get up—to—to welcome you; for if I did—I should imitate that—that—confounded drunken dog’s ex—ex—ex—ample!”—and with these words, Mr. Crashem applied the heel of his boot in a truly facetious and friendly manner to Mr. Jopling’s ribs.

“Keep up the spree, gentlemen, say I!” exclaimed Mr. Lipman, whose powers of articulation were unimpaired; and in order to assist the hilarity of the morning’s entertainment, he very obligingly commenced the first verse of a highly pathetic and affecting song, the words of which ran nearly as follows:—

“A pot of good porter fill—fill up for me,
Give those who prefer it blue ruin;
But whate’er be the lush, it a bumper must be,
For we’re serious in what we are doin’!”

And so indeed they were, God knows; for at the conclusion of this verse, Messieurs Crashem and Lipman laughed heartily, and drank off the contents of their glasses, with a kind and patronising nod to Mr. Pickwick, who stood a silent spectator of this extraordinary scene.

“Keep up the game!” cried Mr. Crashem. “Hooray!”

“Hooray!” echoed Mr. Lipman; and he immediately proceeded to chaunt the second verse of his select air.

"And now that our grog and cigars are begun,
And all our best feelings possess us,
Let us drink our own health, and be d——d to the one
Who refuses to join in 'God bless us!
God bless us!'"

"Excellent!" said Mr. Crashem, approvingly. "But—I say—old fellow," he added, addressing himself to Mr. Pickwick, "you don't seem to—to pay any atten—tion to my—mops!"

"Nor those lovely boot-jacks," observed Mr. Lipman, in deep indignation at so highly culpable a neglect on the part of the visitor.

This was more than Mr. Pickwick could bear; for be it recollected, that our philanthropic hero had come to visit—in his own beautiful and expressive language—"a stranger in a strange land;" and on his arrival he found the unfortunate and unfriended object of his kind solicitude so exceedingly tipsy, that he scarcely recognised the individuals who crowded at the door of his chamber. Mr. Pickwick shook his head, and held his peace: but he also turned upon his heel, beckoned his companions to follow him, and retired in disgust from the prison, attended by Messieurs Boozie, Tupman, and Winkle, Mr. Tims having preferred to remain with Mr. Adolphus Crashem, "just to see that he didn't get into mischief," as he declared, but really with the praise-worthy intention of assisting at the orgies.

When the hackney-coach, in which Mr. Pickwick and his three companions were quietly ensconced, arrived at that end of the Rue de la Paix which forms the commencement of the Place Vendôme, the driver suddenly pulled up his horses, and thereby caused Mr. Pickwick to thrust his head out of the window in order to ascertain the reason of the delay. The Place Vendôme was crowded with troops and with the spectators of that which was going forward; and the united bands of a couple of regiments were assembled together round the base of Napoleon's Column.

"Here is something worth looking at," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, when he had taken a long survey of the soldiers and the multitude of unwashed aforesaid.

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Tupman; "let us dismiss the coach, and see what's going on."

This proposition was immediately acceded to, and the party soon added four more to the number of the spectators that thronged the northern avenue to the Place Vendôme. Around the Place were two entire regiments drawn up in well-disciplined array; and a most exhilarating sight it was. Mr. Pickwick, with a gleam of satisfaction on his countenance, stood gracefully on his tip-toes, and glanced along the serried ranks of warriors, as if he were their chief; and even Mr. Winkle felt a momentary glow of ardour as he scanned the successors to those heroes who had carried their conquests from one extremity of Europe to the other, under the command of him around whose statue a few of the champions of France were now assembled.

Fortunately for the party, Mr. Tupman suddenly recognised, at a little distance, his *quondam* systematic acquaintance, Mr. Hook Walker; and in the course of a minute that gentleman was busily occupied in explaining certain matters with which Mr. Pickwick and his friends would otherwise have remained unacquainted.

"It is a degradation, my dear Sir," said Mr. Hook Walker, slowly suffering the words to issue from his lips: "and a degradation," continued Mr. Walker, "is this. When a French soldier has been guilty of some extreme act of turpitude and delinquency, it is a part of the French system to turn him out of the army. A parade is formed, as you see it now—the criminal is conducted to the centre of the square or circle, whichever it may happen to be, formed by the soldiers, and there his buttons are cut off, his shoulder-straps torn away, and his side-arms ignominiously wrested from his person. He is then drummed out of his regiment; and if his crime be very great, he is frequently handed over to other authorities to be tried and punished for his misdemeanours."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick; "and, pray, do you happen to know for what the poor fellow in this instance is to be degraded?"

"He is a republican," replied Mr. Walker. "He belongs to several liberal unions—he has mutinied against his officers—and, in addition to his other crimes, has adopted the system of never going to bed for the last eighteen months without singing the *Marseillaise* from beginning to end."

"And, pray, what is the *Marseillaise*?" enquired Mr. Winkle, wondering within himself whether it were a drinking or a sporting song.

"A National Air, my dear Sir," answered Mr. Walker, with a smile of pity at the ignorance of his acquaintance. "I have a translation of it at this very minute in my pocket: it was given to me by a young English friend a few days ago; for you must know that it is a part of my system to make myself acquainted with all these matters."

"And an excellent system it is," said Mr. Pickwick. "But would you oblige me with a sight of the translation you allude to?"

"Certainly," returned Mr. Walker. "Are you particularly anxious to see the degradation?"

"Not now," rejoined Mr. Pickwick, "since you have so kindly explained the nature of it. And, perhaps, you are in a hurry?"

"My system does not allow me to remain long in the same place," said Mr. Walker. "If you will accompany me to the Café Virginie in the Rue de la Paix close by, I will read the translation to you with much pleasure."

The offer was immediately accepted with thanks; and on their arrival at the Café, Mr. Walker opened the business by ordering an immense bowl of "Bishop," or burnt punch. When he had refreshed himself, according to the rules of a particular section in his system, with a couple of tumblers of the exhilarating fluid, he drew a piece of paper from one of the pockets of his black kerseymere unwhisperables, and read therefrom the following translation of the most popular National Air in France.

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Sons of heroes, fam'd in story,
Onward march to death or glory;
For see, the foemen's standard waves
O'er fields that soon must be their graves!

Hear ye the clatter of their arms,
Their shouts portending dire alarms?
Eager for slaughter, on they press
To make your children fatherless!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

Wherefore to our peaceful coasts
Rush those sanguinary hosts?
For whom have they prepar'd the chains
That now they drag o'er verdant plains?—
Children of France! to us they come—
Those chains are forg'd to fix our doom!
Just heav'n! that such disgrace should fall
Upon the free-born sons of Gaul!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

What! shall we, afraid of war,
Take from tyrant hands the law?
What! shall a foreign cohort's pride
Intimidate our warriors tried?
Great God! our necks can never be
Subject to despots' tyranny;
Nor shall th' invaders of the state
Decide upon its people's fate!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

Tremble, chiefs perfidious all—
On your heads our curses fall!
Tremble! your projects, soon made vain,
Their merited return will gain;
For France has arm'd her serried bands,
And plac'd her safety in their hands;
So that if hundreds fall to-day,
To-morrow thousands join th' array.
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

In the darkling battle's strife,
Soldier! spare your victim's life,
When, arm'd against you in the field,
Feeble and weak, he cries—"I yield!"
Him may'st thou spare! But, to the grave—
Shalt thou pursue the chief who gave
Such dire example to the rest
That tear for food their mother's breast!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

Sacred fervour—patriot flame,
Urge us on to deeds of fame!
Freedom! assist the deadly blow
That we direct against the foe!
Conquest! may we to war be led,
Thy banners amply o'er us spread;

And may the tyrant hosts retreat,
Or beg for mercy at our feet!
Then let each hero grasp the vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

"Will you allow me to copy that admirable air?" said Mr. Pickwick with a smile of satisfaction, as Mr. Hook Walker laid the paper on the table, and ladled himself out another bumper of "Bishop."

"With pleasure," returned that gentleman. "Civility is a material point in my system;" and he might have added that thirst was too, if one might judge by the manner in which he swallowed the strong burnt punch.

Mr. Pickwick accordingly transcribed the *Marseillaise* in the pages of his private note-book; and then Mr. Walker recollected that he had an appointment at a hotel close by.

"The fact is," said that systematic individual, "I am a member of a very useful club or association, which meets once a month to transact business and audit accounts; and this is the day of *rendez-vous*. I would not be absent for the world."

"Might I inquire the name of the club, Sir?" said Mr. Pickwick, again opening his note-book, and preparing to write.

"Decidedly," answered Mr. Walker, deliberately filling the tumblers round; "a desire to give information whenever I can, is one of the most important principles of my system."

"And the name—" said Mr. Pickwick, with his pencil in his hand.

"Is," continued Mr. Walker, "'The-Anti-getting-into-debt-amongst-the-French, -so-as-not-to-give-them-cause-to-suspect-the-honour-and-integrity-of-the-English-abroad-Association.'"

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, scribbling a few hieroglyphics on the pages of his note-book, and then closing it with unusual precipitation. "And a very useful society, I dare say it is," he added drily.

"I once knew the president of a society," began Mr. Boozie; then, suddenly recollecting himself, he said, "Oh! no—I beg your pardon—'twas the secretary, when I think of it—"

"Ah! who called me?" interrupted Mr. Walker, starting from his chair, and gazing anxiously through the window. "Oh! I see—my friend, Mr. What's-his-name. One moment, gentlemen;"—and with this apology, Mr. Hook Walker hastened out of the Café, intimating a second time that he should return as speedily as possible, and requesting his friends to wait for him, as it was not a part of his system to stay long at the association with the facile and brief name, when his time could be more agreeably employed. It is true that Mr. Tupman had a lurking suspicion in his mind that Mr. Walker would not keep his promise; he, however, held his peace; and it was only at the expiration of an hour, that Mr. Pickwick ventured to suggest the propriety of retiring, as it did not appear probable that Mr. Hook Walker would again favour them with his presence on that occasion. The little party accordingly returned to Meurice's Hotel.

"Gen'lman bin here, Sir," said Mr. Weller, who, from lurking idly at the gate, had relapsed into that predicament of activity, which was necessary to convey him to his master's apartment.

"Who was it, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, seating himself by the side of a wood fire, which seemed to be as obstinately inclined as ever

three dead logs with one cubic inch of hot cinder between them ever yet did.

"Johnny Darmy, Sir," returned Mr. Weller, in a certain epigrammatic style into which he occasionally relapsed.

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick; "and did he leave any message?"—for the intelligent hero of this narrative, with his usual comprehensive powers, immediately suspected the name of his visitor.

"Left this 'ere note, Sir," answered Mr. Weller, "and said he wouldn't take no refusal votsoever; vich vos precisely the obseruation made by the mas'er chimbley-sweep, ven he pushed the little tiny boy up the chimbley."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick, with a shudder: "are chimney-sweepers so cruel as all that, Sam?"

"Them and costermongers, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, "is the most hard-hartedest brutes a-livin', if ve except the chaps as drives the dog-carts. None on 'em ever ends any-veres, save at the gallows."

"Very strange!" cried Mr. Pickwick, opening the note, and perusing its contents from the date to the signature.

"What does it say?" inquired Mr. Winkle, when he observed the bland and placid smile that played upon the lips of his leader.

"It regards Tupman, principally," said Mr. Pickwick with a little hesitation. "But as it would be ridiculous, Tupman," continued he, "to keep the affair any longer secret from our mutual friends, I may as well take this opportunity of acquainting them with the villainous robbery that was committed upon you. Sam, you may withdraw."

Mr. Tupman bowed submissively as Mr. Pickwick addressed him, and Mr. Weller forthwith obeyed the imperial ukase that dismissed him from the presence. Mr. Pickwick then made a few preliminary and lucidly explanatory observations, for the especial edification of Messieurs Boozie and Winkle; at the termination of which he informed his audience that the note he held in his hand was from their mutual friend Dumont, and that its contents, expunged of all grammatical errors—it being written in English—were as follows:—

"My dear Sir,

"Information having been privately given at the Prefecture de Police, that a most audacious and extensive robbery was committed on the person of Mr. Tupman, a few evenings ago, I am inclined to think that the gold watch may probably be recovered. In order to advise with you on this subject, I took the liberty of calling this morning, but was not fortunate enough to find you at home. I shall therefore do myself the pleasure of waiting upon you, if convenient, at eleven precisely, to-morrow morning, and hope to render you an essential service, at the same time that I shall gratify your curiosity in search of useful information, by conducting you and your friends to the office of no less a person than the immortal Vidocq himself!

"A Monsieur, Monsieur,

"Pickwick, &c., &c.

Very truly your's,

DUMONT."

This communication instilled a considerable quantity of joy into the hearts of the four gentlemen, as they seated themselves at the dinner-table, in obedience to the summons of their appetites and of a waiter simultaneously; and the evening was agreeably passed in the

pleasing anticipation of the novel adventure which awaited them for the ensuing morning.

"Wery queer nation this is sure-ly, Sir," said Mr. Weller, when he attended his master in that gentleman's bed-room.

"So I perceive, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, putting on his night-cap.

"Ran agin a gen'leman this mornin', Sir," continued Mr. Weller, descriptively, "an' nearly knocked him head-over-heels into the gutter. Vos just a-goin' for to offer a ap-pology, ven he turns round, takes off his hat—an' a wery rum tile it where too—and makes me sich a uncommon polite bow as never I see afore. The chap, it vos wery perceptible to see without barnacles, vos a-begging my pardon. '*Pardong*,' cried the fernomenon with a inexpressible grin; and he valked away.—'Vell,' says I to myself, 'you're a nice un, you air, as the nobleman observed to the roast sucking-pig.'—But it's a part o' their edication, Sir," added Mr. Weller.

"I suppose it is, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, seating himself before the fire, in order to give his follower an opportunity of expressing his opinions on France and the French.

"But that ain't all, Sir," continued Mr. Weller. "A wery rainy day vos the day afore yesterday, in the mornin'; and, as I valked vonce up and down in them gardens opposite, I sees a gen'leman meet a lady and stop her. Gen'leman had no numberellar—lady had a wery tidy von. Just at the moment a smart shower begins to fall; but the gen'leman takes off his hat, holds it in his hand, and never ventures to put it on till the lady vos ten yards distant. I'm sure they stood there a-talkin' for more than a minit; and if the gen'leman didn't get cold, I'm a Dutchman, as the king o' the Sangvich Islands said."

"Very curious indeed," observed Mr. Pickwick, approvingly.

"So it is, Sir," said Mr. Weller with a smile of triumph. "I hates to speak ill o' my own country," he added in a low tone of voice—"it's a thing I can't a-bear to do, but I must, as the sassage-maker observed ven he cut up his fav'rite tom-cat; and all I can say is, that the French is much more politer and curtious than the English is. Besides, the wery tradesmen and even the waiters their-selves is as vell-behaved and gen-teel as our English gen'lemen."

"Well—perhaps you are right, Sam," returned Mr. Pickwick after a pause. "This never struck me before; mind I make a note of it to-morrow morning."

"I vill not forget, Sir," cried Mr. Weller cheerfully; "an' if so be as you von't, vy—then I must do it myself; vich vos the remark made by the bishop ven his curate vos too ill to preach the sermon."

Mr. Pickwick relieved his faithful domestic from all apprehension, by assuring him that it was his intention to collate every remarkable anecdote and opinion it should be his good fortune to hear during his stay in France, and publish the result of his researches on his return to England at a future day. Mr. Weller's countenance brightened up, and his spirits and Mr. Pickwick rose at the same time—the former in the breast of their proprietor, and the latter from his easy chair. The soothing luxuries of an inviting pile of matrasses were then courted and won by the last named gentleman; and in that blissful state shall we leave him for the present in order to renew our acquaintance with additional pleasure in the next chapter.

(To be continued in our next.)

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE,

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE SECOND.—NEWMARKET.

(Continued from p. 152.)

A CHARACTER for astuteness and profundity is conventionally attributed to all who occupy their business upon the Turf. If ever they did possess such, all traces of the qualities are now clean swept away. Fortune hath not among her adorers any whose worship is so divested of artifice. If "the best of life is but intoxication," for them the Racing season is one glorious feast, crowned with bumpers of the very elixir of mortality! Their pursuit is excitement; like the fox-hunter, the chase and not the quarry is their object. Next to the delirium of winning is the paroxysm of losing, as a philosopher in Blackwood, some years ago, demonstrated that in the chase, next to the delight of the hunter, is that of the *huntée*. Fully to feel the truth of this assertion there should be an experience of the scene with which the division of my sketch in the last Number terminated.

The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes are decided, and a fierce vitality pervades the plain. The event is known as quickly and simultaneously as the electric shock is conveyed to all who touch the conductor. But very different are its effects: instantly the multitude separates, and forms two divisions. In front of the Judge's chair one portion becomes a solid mass, whence one pair of brazen lungs, vocal with one sound (such is the sympathy of that compact assembly), cleaves the welkin with the cry "WHO WINS?" "Dark blue and buff stripe," responds a voice from a little white case upon wheels, like the infancy of a sentry-box. (It is the etiquette in Racing for the Judge to give the colours of the winner, as in the Commons House of Parliament individuality is conveyed by the profession of, or place represented by, Hon. Members.) There are those who may suppose such question propounded for the ordinary purpose of information. To such I can best afford initiation in the form of interrogation. Hast ever seen the truly vinous, the worthy disciple of the rosy deity, ere the liquid ruby passes his lip, ogling the bee's wing of Oporto or inhaling the perfume of Bourdeaux?—Thou hast? Then knowest thou wherefore these gourmets of good luck would hear again and again the realization of "Hope's flattering tale." *They are the winners.*

But whither has the moiety of unfortunates fled? They are off to the weighing-house, where we will follow them. "Hope springs eternal," says Pope, and he might have added, with a growth as quick as the mushroom. Look at the crowd that throngs around the enclosure which contains the horses engaged in the race just concluded. Their jockeys are being weighed, and now, for a few fleeting moments, is afforded an opportunity to snatch a glance at steeds that move and have their being in mystery. Those who congregate thus

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anxiously have "dropp'd it" heavily upon the Two Thousand, but there is the Derby in a bright prospective, and here a wrinkle may be gleaned. How little, on such an occasion, would a stranger imagine he was encompassed by men, many of whom but the instant before had probably been deprived of thousands. What a scene of animation it is! There stands, "with all his imperfections on his head," the luckless nomination selected for the great event at Epsom, by hundreds who had as much cause for such confidence, as they would have for backing the sun to shine out of compliment to Mr. Murphy. He gains something who hugs himself that there is yet time to open a new account for the field. The Derby favourite has, it may be, been the winner, and he who has lost upon the present event can afford it, for he is well on for Epsom, and promises himself to lay it on *thicker*, for now he knows the sort of nag he "lays his money out for." Within the *sanctum* are a few of the privileged. With careless eye, but searching scrutiny, they seek for mark of spur or whip. From without questions are poured upon them. Gibes are bandied, hopes avowed, wishes vociferated—but you look in vain for traces of present regret, or prospective anxiety.

In vain, save in one solitary, withering exception! For years that I have witnessed the stirring scene that I have attempted to sketch, which contains more of interest than any produced by the racing anniversaries at Newmarket, I have never missed from within the rails of the weighing-house, at the conclusion of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, one, whose bad pre-eminence is the wonder and reproach of the age. There ever, with leaden look and lack-lustre eye, stands the social vampire! Here ever may you mark that man of parchment lip and frozen aspect, whose bearing is an incarnated despair, and across whose ominous features if haply a sardonic smile should pass, "'tis strangled like a goblin at its birth!"

Such is the blighted slave whose life hath pass'd
 Within a heartless, leprous atmosphere,
 A being, by his demon-passion cast
 Like Cain from social haunts, and all that's dear :
 Without one human feeling, to the last,
 Beyond that avarice which drags him here :
 Till, like a bar consumed with inward rust,
 The heart, before the frame, is turned to dust.

It often makes me smile to hear grave people utter profound nonsense, with one consent, about the "knowing ones" of Newmarket. If a green coat, suddenly retreating from the hips, and a frontispiece of Sibylline portent, give the world assurance of a sage, then write them down of wisdom beyond their fellows. Herein, of course, I allude only to the *οι πολλοι*. Among the members of the Jockey Club there are probably few secrets, and they constitute nearly all the owners of race-horses running regularly over the heath. Nothing amuses me more than quietly to ensconce myself under the lee of the ring, and listen to the observations that fall from the Newcomes, sprinkled over every Meeting, anent the mysteries of betting, and the wonders expressed as to whence the Legs are enabled to draw their information, and pick out what to back. "No man is a

hero to his valet," quoth the proverb, and in every other relation of life that peep behind the scenes will be found to "call back reality, and break the spell." Let no one suppose, who visits Newmarket to learn a little of life among the Legs, that he alone wanders over its classic sod an unlearned Theban. He will have imbibed full many a moving tale of craft and subtlety, in which your betting man is portrayed as the Machiavel of his calling. He will stand aloof, gaze upon the busy slaves of the Ring, and mentally offer up a petition for grace to the tyro who may haply fall into their toils. What would he think were I at his elbow, and, reading his self-communing, thus to whisper in his ear—

"In nine cases out of ten, those who have never seen a horse save at Astley's amphitheatre, or had experience of racing beyond that afforded by the saw-dust Derby, run annually in the circle at Westminster-bridge, are in a safer condition to traffic in the ring at Newmarket than all the old stagers that have kept Sathanas waiting for the penalty of his bond for the last half century. In betting upon matches, toss a shilling and call heads or tails with yourself for choice—that is the true criterion. Matches are always handicaps, made with caution, upon the true diamond-cut-diamond system, without a farthing per cent. to choose between either. You go to the Ring, however, and the chance is that you find the current of exchange running as though the bargain on the *tapis* had been entered into when one of the parties was *non compos*. Nowhere is the *esprit de corps* more omnipotent than on the Turf,—nowhere on the Turf so omnipotent as at Newmarket. There stables, and not horses, are backed. In the spring of 1834, had you hinted that Plenipo was to win at Epsom, they would have regarded you as a candidate for a strait-waistcoat—'as if *Batson* could win a Derby!'—Example, however, is far before precept; so I will illustrate. About two years ago I was riding very leisurely down to the heath, being careless about the time announced for the first race. It was a match, and in consequence of an accident I was under the impression that it would be no go. The parties engaged we will suppose to be A and B, and my reason for believing there would be no start was this:—The match was for a hundred, and in the morning I was aware that B had offered A seventy-five pounds forfeit—tolerably strong grounds for such an opinion. As I passed the weighing-house I went in, and, to my surprise, I saw the jockeys for this match just out of the scales, and preparing to set off for the saddling-stables. Both the parties were obstinate; A was sure of winning, and would take nothing less than the whole amount (it was a P. P. event), and B, as he must pay, 'would have a shy if he lost his stick.' Slowly wending my way for the Ring, the first sounds that saluted my ear were odds being freely offered, and no takers, upon B! Here was coin a-begging, and no friendly purse that would give it an asylum. I have an oath registered never to bet, under any dispensation, however providential, but there was no reason that I should not give a friend a turn—I did so, and in five minutes he was a richer man. There was nothing wrong here—the very fact of the absence of takers was proof enough—but B's was a crack stable—therefore its inhabitants must win, "and

no mistake." You may find thousands of parallel secrets in the annals of Newmarket."

To return once more to the graphic, I shall be held, I trust, justified in introducing into this sketch an outline of a sport now almost obsolete, but once the very mirror of gentle chivalry. Occasionally, during the summer Meetings, the falconers of Lord Berners display their art upon the heath. The hawking establishment at Didlington is now the only remnant in England of the falconry of the olden time; indeed the traces of it are fast disappearing all over Europe. To be pursued legitimately it requires a combination of appliances rarely united—a wild unenclosed country is, if not essential, highly advantageous, and a heronry (very seldom found in this country) absolutely indispensable. The heron is the only fitting quarry for the hawk, and those alone who have seen a true flight of that description know what real falconry is, or rather was. His Grace of St. Albans "fluttering the doves" on the Brighton Race-course is a sorry presentment of a once regal sport, enacted by a royal officer ordained to uphold and do it honour. Lord Berners (so well known for his patronage of every rural sport as Major Wilson) is now, as I have said, the sole representative of the noble falconers of other days. Every spring his "flight" arrives from Germany, where his falconers, who are all Germans, reside during the winter, for the purpose of taking and educating the young birds, to be there procured only. At Didlington Hall there is a magnificent heronry, and there only in Europe can be seen hawking as once practised in this country. That exhibited at Newmarket is of course very inferior, but even there, from the superior description of the birds of chase, and their style of management, it is a sight of great interest. To many the whole detail of hawking is a sealed book; if by any hazard such should visit the second Spring Meeting, let them not take fright at Wednesday's beggarly list (too often a sadly meagre affair), but tarry, if but to list the music of the silver bells, and mark with what skill the Germans "lance their falcons in the air."

From the lighter tintings, the ornamental filling in of my design, I come to the real matter, the fore-ground of my sporting sketch. Here necessarily stands, in the strongest relief, the Jockey Club, a body of gentlemen associated for a very noble purpose, collectively and individually, of unquestionable honour and integrity, but not exempt from the possibility of backsliding, as shown in the instance that once compelled them to purge their society of the presence of the first subject in the realm. The Turf, infinitely the most important of our national sports, if indeed, from the vast speculations to which it now gives birth, it deserve not to be classed among schemes of a higher character than those of mere amusement, is virtually in the hands of that body. From it has emanated a code of rules, very excellent, as far as they apply, by which the whole detail of racing in Great Britain is influenced, indeed regulated. So long as public opinion sanctions those ordinances their power exists, and no longer. That they tend to produce good order, and essentially to serve the best interests of racing, I cordially bear testimony; and hence the anxiety I feel lest any chance may weaken their present conven-

tional weight. Two causes threaten the implicit faith that heretofore has been accorded to every law issued by the Jockey Club—an apparent disregard of grave charges tending to destroy all confidence in influential members of the Turf, and a disposition to permit an ultra-exhibition of power in affairs of minor import.

Disavowing all invidious motive in that which is required in exposition of this statement, I will adduce the most prominent example of supineness towards grave charges against members of the Turf that late years have furnished. In 1834, Plenipotentiary, the property of Mr. Batson, won the Derby, beating probably the best field for that race of the present century, and consequently became first favourite for the Doncaster St. Leger. During the summer many sinister reports were afloat, and a party was distinctly named to me as the one to make the Leger safe. In consequence of many strong representations made to me on the subject, in the September number of the Sporting Magazine I gave this hint to Mr. Batson:—"I have heard that lots of warning letters have been addressed to Mr. Batson, with rumours of all sorts of evil intentions against his horse. These may have been merely the benevolent shoves of his friends, to keep his vigilance on the *qui vive*; but they may rest contented that all parties to whom the care of Plenipo is entrusted, are wide awake to the responsibility reposed in them. The fate of Bessy Bedlam is too well known not to enlist all that unwearied attention and deep caution can suggest." The race came off, and the result is well known. Plenipo was made safe, there is no doubt—the most probable thing is, that laudanum, or some strong narcotic, was administered to him the night preceding the event, as Connelly, who rode him, told me that when he mounted him to start, he expected every moment he would have lain down under him, and that he actually was obliged to stick him with the spurs to keep him upon his legs.

The sensation this palpable robbery caused in all the sporting circles cannot be forgotten. The papers of the day teemed with unseemly notices of, and vile allusions to, "Batson and his trainer." While this most disgraceful discussion was at its height, I was at Newmarket attending the Autumn Meetings, and in the spirit of an honest charity wrote to Mr. Batson, fairly stating to him that most unpleasant surmises were in circulation on the subject of the late St. Leger. I honestly told him, that the running of his horse for that race was not what I should have expected, had he been brought to the post from a summer's run at grass: that had he gone on the day previous at exercise, as he did in his race, it could not, by any possibility, have escaped the observation of those to whom his care was entrusted; and concluded by requesting his opinion of the mystery, couched in as courteous language as I could command. To this letter no answer was vouchsafed—I do not say that none could be given. During the meetings it was said, that the whole affair was to be brought before the Jockey Club, but nothing of the kind was done. Time wore away, and there appeared in a Sunday paper an account of a *rencontre* at Newmarket, between "a certain trainer and a well-known Jockey," done *couleur de rose*, a paragraph emi-

nently suited to "ears polite." The fact was, that at a rendezvous used by the Jockeys, Paine, who trained Plenipo, met Connelly, who rode him; that some impertinent observations were made by the former, whereupon the latter gave him a sound thrashing. I have named this latter event to show how prominently the Plenipo affair was kept before the public, and how strong appeared the necessity that some enquiry, from an influential source, should have been instituted about it. In many cases that might have occurred similar to this, the Jockey Club would not be in a situation to enforce an investigation—here the integrity of one of its own members was compromised, and, in justice to the whole body, it was fitting the mystery should have been scrutinized.

I have not space to notice the *faux pas* that have, since that sensation, from time to time attracted public remark and animadversion. Whatever untoward events have originated out of racing, it is but fair to state, have been in no way associated with Newmarket. There all has been conducted upon the most unimpeachable principles, *malgré* the indifferent example of the provinces. Moreover, has not the calm been broken, or even the surface ruffled, till upon the late Leger there (the very name is an apple of discord), I had the temerity to bring a charge of discourtesy against the owner of Mango, and the consequence was an explosion of an awful character. How differently must nature have treated Mr. Batson and Mr. Greville in the article of bile! Nothing could disturb the equanimity of the former, while the Sir Anthony Absolute of Dowton is a portrait of meekness and long-suffering in comparison to the latter. As Mr. Greville has thought proper to publish his correspondence with me, of course I can have no delicacy in alluding to the subject of dudgeon between us. I forbear allusion to the merits or demerits of the question, because I am in daily expectation of being afforded an opportunity of first offering such explanation to the Stewards of the Jockey Club; but I see no just cause or impediment why I should refrain from laughing at the modern Quixote, who tilts at parts of speech, and couches lance against uncomely vocabulary. By "r Lady," he is a gentleman of a most excellent conceit! I laid down my book but the other night, that I might take my fill of mirth at a passage, the author of which may account himself a fortunate man if he escape scathless for letting his wit outrun his discretion. In a caustic biographical essay, by Mr. Paul Pry Poole, entitled, "Little Pedlington in a Pucker," the boniface of that remarkable place waits upon his man of law, that a prosecution be forthwith commenced against all concerned in a work that has thrown the whole town into a pucker, "being the Diary of the Times of the late Pomponius Nix, Esq." The offensive matter, in the individual instance, was a disparaging allusion to the host's style of compounding his negus. By a fatality as extraordinary as rare, the functionary so applied to, happened to have a conscience, and, thereby instigated, gave it as his opinion that an indictment for gross and malicious defamation would not lie where merely a speculation had been indulged in, *quoad* the quantum of the element proper to particular compounds: that such did not constitute malice prepense, and could not be construed into libel. This was a deduction not dreamt of in the philo-

sophy of mine host of Little Pedlington: "No libel!" exclaimed he, in incredulous amazement; "come, come, that's a good one! *it says of me what I don't like, and yet you would have me believe it's no libel!*" Forefend that I should foment strife, but if this be not a slap at the logic of the Hon. Clerk of the Council, brand me for ever as utterly obtuse of judgment, or malignantly tortuous of interpretation beyond all modern malevolence.

The nineteenth century exhibits nothing resembling the wrath of Mr. Greville, unless, indeed, the affair of Little Pedlington belongs to that era. "*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!*" Mr. Greville, a member, and also a steward, of the Jockey Club, ignites at a paragraph of which I admit the paternity. He has a horse engaged in a particular race; on the eve of that race a report is current that the horse has broken down, or gone amiss—in short, that he is lame exceedingly. Well, that report reaches me, and claiming privilege after the example of the pious Æneas that "*sit mihi fas audita loqui,*" I detail the matter with particulars. I state that on the evening preceding the Newmarket St. Leger, it was current that Mango had broken down, and that a guinea to a shilling was laid against him in consequence: that on the next day it was announced he would start, and that something, intended to be an explanation, was given out, which I conceived was the lamest part of the whole business, according to my estimate. That the trainer who first pronounced the case a break-down (that is to say, a violent muscular injury) soon after discovered that it was merely a bruise of the foot, or something equally insignificant. After some professional observations on the case, I proceeded to say, that whether any hopes existed or not that the bruise might allow the horse to start, surely it would have been as courteous to have stated, that it merely *was* a bruise that confined him to his stable, and not a break-down that precluded the possibility of his crossing the threshold of the door.—"If courtesy and the Turf are *dos-a-dos*, well: otherwise, to deal leniently with the affair, *it was an ungracious proceeding.*" Thus did I write, and most animated was the rejoinder of Mr. Greville, which he published in London, with editorial notes and comments, and which has since been re-published in America for the use and behoof of the worlds, old and new. I explained, gave chapter and verse for what were designated *my* "offensive insinuations," but all availed me nothing. The gentleman's choler was as inextinguishable as the Greek fire. Though I disclaimed all intention of imputing to him any thing unfair or dishonourable, he insisted upon his "false and malicious libel." Like the logician of Little Pedlington, so argued he upon my paragraph:—"It says of me what I don't like, and yet you would have me believe it's no libel."

To be serious:—though, as appertains to myself, I may consider the threat with which Mr. Greville concludes his fulminations, as a joke, as concerns the interests of the Turf I have my fears that it may prove "a heavy blow and a great discouragement." On the merits of my own case I have said I will be silent, because of the respect I entertain for the noblemen on whom I have publicly called to investigate and decide upon my conduct and its justification. But as

concerns the Turf, how stand the facts? A public writer has put forth certain statements; they are true or they are false; they are criminal or they are not. If the character of Mr. Greville has been wantonly and falsely assailed, what prevents his application to a jury of his countrymen for satisfaction and redress? He attempts nothing of the kind, but avows that he will appeal to his brother Stewards, "and ask their concurrence, in having the writer warned off the course." An intelligent journalist, observing upon this monstrous declaration at the time, enquired, "Suppose the person warned should not go, what then?" This, however, does not belong to the present question. That any man of discretion, filling a responsible office, should deliberately publish his belief, that he is in a situation to ask those who are associated with him to concur with him in adjudicating upon his own case, must strike the most careless as likely deeply to prejudice such interests as the parties are called upon to preside over. Suppose even the most crying wrong had been perpetrated, such dealing with it would be certain, among Englishmen, to enlist sympathy on the part of the accused.

Here I pause, and, with every sentiment of consideration, call upon the Jockey Club collectively to weigh the two cases that have been put forth for their notice. It is not for me to do more than offer the premises, the deduction lies with them. How far the matters that have been made public, respecting Plenipotentiary and Mango suit the spirit of the present age,—whether the indifference shown in the former instance, and the star-chamber practice threatened in the latter, are likely to serve the cause of Racing, they are the conventionally constituted authorities to pronounce, and to them, with all deference, I appeal. For myself, holding the Turf to be intimately connected with the interests of our rural economy, and a source of much social enjoyment, it has ever had my best wishes for its success, and my honest advocacy when I thought such was needed. To suppose it possible to please every body, never entered into my contemplation. When I first became connected with it, as a public writer, I felt that I had a delicate and difficult task to encounter, and I traced for myself a line of conduct from which I have not deviated, ever promptly to acknowledge and correct an error, and, where an offence might be taken, readily to offer apology, or the *amende honorable*. Such was the course I pursued towards Mr. Greville; I leave the issue to the verdict of the public.

It is difficult, in the present state of the Press, to account for the morbid sensitiveness with which all delinquencies in engagements of honour are approached and discussed. Proverbial as is the law's delay, even in that we find at length that a distinction is to be made between crime and misfortune. Why should not that great moral engine, the Press, set the example, and while it publishes, for the use of one class of the community, the names of those upon whom misfortune has laid its icy hand, for the service of another issue a gazette of the defaulters in honour? Nothing to me is more utterly inexplicable than the spirit of caprice by which society seems to be regulated in estimating an overt act of dishonour. Necessary as principle is in all the affairs of life, it is vital to the very existence of

the Turf; yet nowhere are its laws so loosely interpreted, or so leniently administered. So far from the facility for fraud exciting a corresponding vigilance to detect and expose it, so long as absolute participation cannot be brought home to a party, his reputation is held unblemished and entire. This is a view I am not content to take; I consider misprision of fraud next in degree to actual cheating; and I am satisfied that if it were so construed by the public voice, a speedy end would be made of the chicane and infamy too truly urged against many late transactions in the sporting world. In the year 1835, the Queen of Trumps won the Oaks, and subsequently was backed for the Doncaster St. Leger at something less than six to four against her. The event of the preceding year (Plenipo's hoccusing) put people upon the alert, and a repetition of that stratagem was, no doubt, a forlorn hope. The Queen ran and won, and what beyond that was stated? That on the day before the race Mr. Mostyn was offered, and refused, *seven thousand pounds for her*. The object of the offer was apparent on the face of it—for an honest purpose no mare in England could, at the end of her three-year-old season, be worth one half the money. Mr. Mostyn was aware of the object with which such a heap of money was bid, and very honourably stated his readiness to sell, but that the mare must be permitted to go for the Leger, "*and go to win*." Of course this did not happen to suit exactly the dealer's *designs*, and there the negotiation ended. If any doubt could rationally have been entertained from the first, as to the views of the purchaser, this placed them beyond all question. As this statement has gone uncontradicted for years, I take it as fact. What good service would Mr. Mostyn have done the Turf, and all honourable patrons of it, by publicly denouncing the scoundrel who dared to outrage him by such proposal! How better could the Jockey Club legislate than in making provision for cases such as this!

Towards the end of the same year there was a commotion in the Racing circles in Ireland, caused by a most nefarious transaction attributed to a gentleman belonging to the Turf Club in that country, and a member of the legislature. Mr. Edward Ruthven, a representative of the county of Kildare, was charged with having imported two English racers, which he ran at the Curragh as Irish-bred horses of a year younger than their respective ages. On the 28th of December the affair was investigated by the Stewards of the Turf Club; one of the Newmarket jockeys attended specially to identify the animals in dispute. They were not however produced, and the result was, that the Stewards decided a substitution had been practised; ruled that neither of the horses were entitled to the Stakes in the races for which they came in first; and concluded by stating, that they felt imperatively called upon to remark that, in consequence of Mr. Ruthven's withdrawal of his name from the Turf Club, it did not become part of their painful duty to recommend to the club any further proceedings in the matter. Many causes deeply interested me in that unhappy inquiry. I had known the party so sadly implicated for years; we had, in fact, been long intimate friends, and, despite all the "confirmation strong" against him,

I doubted, or perhaps wished to doubt, in the absence of positive proof, the truth of the delinquency alleged against him. So much did the question concern me, that I had an interview in Dublin on the subject with the secretary of the Turf Club. That interview by no means satisfied me that still the charge might not be unfounded. Mr. Ruthven's refusal to produce the horses might have been the result of a mistaken feeling of offended pride and conscientious integrity. I wrote to him for an explanation, and I have now his letter before me, in which he solemnly denies every tittle of the imputation, and assures me that he will forthwith institute legal proceedings for the recovery of the Stakes when his innocence of even the shadow of wrong will be manifest. I came to London, and I found him in his place in Parliament—is it any wonder that I was still sceptical? It is true the promised proceedings were not instituted, but causes were assigned for the delay. Then came the dissolution of the late Parliament, and the event would bring him in contact with his constituents upon the very scene of his imputed misdoing. How did this hour of trial find him? Indignantly spurning the offer of a colonial appointment from Mr. O'Connell (who *must* have known the charges brought against him were false or true, and in the latter event could he be guilty of so monstrous a thing as recommend a dishonoured man as fit for office under the government he supports?), and going fearlessly to meet those who had conferred upon him the highest dignity the people can bestow. Time has done its office, and with sorrow do I write it, the worst has been confirmed. Following a miserable example, he threw himself into the torrent by which he was certain to be overwhelmed. Who that saw the haughty indignation with which Lord de Roos called for an enquiry, could have imagined in what the result of the investigation would have terminated? Who that found the late Member for Kildare seated in the legislative assembly of the people, could have conceived that he had been guilty of an offence which for ever placed him without the pale of society? Who is there can read these things without feeling that the Turf stands in need of a constant and watchful censorship, and that the last person on earth who should attempt to turn aside or hoodwink such vigilance, is one selected to preside over and promote its interests?

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WREATH OF LOVE.

WHAT mortal man can e'er unbind
 That wreath, which mem'ry has entwined
 Around his heart in years gone by?—
 It will not fade with tear nor sigh,
 But blooms and blossoms ever green,
 Always to be what it has been;
 And, if there be a heav'n above,
 There is th' exotic wreath of Love!

ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

MARCH.

Characteristics of the Month.—Weather Predictions.—Murphy and his Hits and Misses.—Auditors and Assessors of Boroughs.—St. David's Day.—St. David and the Temperance Societies.—St. Chad's Well.—St. Winwaloe, another Patron Saint for the Temperance People.—A Chocely Illustrative Miracle.—The Cruel Goose.—The Fate of Correggio.—Benjamin West.—Mary Queen of Scots.—Hume and Horace Walpole.—Assassination of David Rizzio.—Hume's Appreciation of Shakspeare.—Clarke the Traveller.—Mrs. Barbauld.—Admiral Byng.—Julius Cæsar.—Massinger.—Goethe and his Works.—Mignon.—Gipsy-like Plagiarism of Sir Walter Scott.—Thanks to Mr. Lockhart.—Sir Isaac Newton.—Kotzebue.—Weber.—Tasso.—Foundation of Chelsea Hospital.—Execution of Charles the First.—St. Patrick's Day.—The Shamrock.—Sheelah's Day.—St. Patrick's Illustration of the Mystery of the Trinity.—Order of St. Patrick.—The King of Rome.—Spring Quarter.—Overseers and their accounts.—Poor Law Guardians.—Sicilian Vespers.

MARCH, with the ancient Romans the first month of the year, is with us a month of wind and storm—of cold, and keen, and fierce, and desiccating blasts—absorbing the vital juices of both man and beast. Yet it is truly a spring month; for birds, and beasts, and fishes, and reptiles, and insects, are all alive and active; and even the vegetable creation begins to teem with life and beauty. Sweet is the scent of the primrose and of the violet, and many a garden flower diffuses precious fragrance, and unveils its many-tinted charms.

Murphy, the clerk of the weather works, who has had many hits and many misses in the course of the past month, allows us only eight positively fair days, and one of those to be accompanied with frost, during the whole windy career of March. Of days designated changeable we are to have ten; of rain thirteen, six of which are associated with wind, and two others with storms; equinoctial storms from the south-west. Master Murphy, whenever any of his predictions or guesses happen to fail, sets up a defence in the newspapers almost as ingenious, though perhaps scarcely so tenable, as was the shield of the once redoubted Francis Moore, Physician, who only pledged himself to be right on *the* day, or the day before, or the day after. In the preface to his Almanack, Mr. Murphy states "that though the diurnal state of the weather, as marked in the tables, has been calculated for the meridian of London, yet, with few exceptions, they will be found equally applicable to the different parts of the United Kingdom, to the seas in their vicinity, and to the neighbouring shores of the Continent." *How* this may be we are not informed. Yet, when two or three days announced *fair* by Mr. Murphy, happen to turn out *foul*, his mode of defence is, that though it rained in London on those days, it probably was clear and bright and sunny at the Land's-end. Murphy, however, has predicted wisely for himself; for, as the advertising linen-draper would say, his *brochure* has had a "tremendous sale."

From the meteoric world, where "the spirits of the wise sit upon the clouds and mock us," let us descend to the terrene, the land of

men, women, and children, who love to look upwards and gaze upon the moon. Be it remembered, then, by our political friends—and all our friends are political now-a-days—that the first of March is the day upon which auditors and assessors of boroughs must be elected under the Municipal Reform Act.

By one portion at least of her Majesty's subjects the first of March is held in remembrance as the festival of St. David, uncle, as legendary records affirm, to the famous Prince Arthur, and patron of Wales. We venture to recommend that his reverence should be adopted also as the patron-saint of all the modern Temperance Societies; for we are told that he founded twelve monasteries, and that he ate only bread and vegetables, and drank only milk and water. It was, no doubt, for his abstemious virtues, that his soul, according to Saint Kentigern, who professes to have been an eye-witness of the flight, was borne to heaven by a troop of angels. Welchmen wear leeks on St. David's day; why, in all probability, they know not. The practice, however, seems traceable to the worship of the ancient Egyptians and Phœnicians. There is also a tradition current, that Welchmen wear leeks as their chosen ensign, in commemoration of the great fight by the Black Prince of Wales.

“Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leek's the fairest emblem that is worn.”

The festival of St. Chad, who founded the see of Lichfield in the seventh century, stands for the second of March. St. Chad's well, supplied by a spring of aperient water, formerly regarded as of miraculous virtue, is probably still in existence, at the bottom of the Gray's Inn Lane Road, near Battle-bridge, or, as it has been newly christened, King's Cross. The wretched garden in which this well is situated, was formerly a place of considerable resort.

We were just now speaking of Temperance Societies, and we wish not to omit the opportunity of recommending to the notice of those interesting institutions another saint, who seems to be eminently entitled to their notice and admiration. Of St. Winwaloe, or Winwaloke, whose festival used to be celebrated on the third of March, we are told by Father Cressy that he never sat in the church; that every day he repeated the hundred and fifty psalms; that to his bed he had neither feathers nor clothes, but instead of feathers he strewed under him nutshells, and instead of blankets, sand mingled with pebbles, and two great stones under his head; that he wore the same clothes night and day; that his bread was made with half of barley and half of ashes; that his other diet was a mixture of meal and cabbage without fat; and that he took this refecton once only in two, and sometimes three days.

As a beautiful illustration of the blissful state of ignorance in which our pious ancestors were held by their worthy and enlightened Popish pastors, it is impossible for us to resist the inclination to insert the following account of one of the many miracles which are alleged to have been wrought by the said abstinent and self-punishing St. Winwaloe. It is from the Latin “Acts of the Saints,” as cited by Bishop Patrick in his “Reflections upon the Devotions of the Romish

Church:"—"A sister of St. Winwaloe had her eye plucked out by a goose as she was playing. St. Winwaloe was taught by an angel a sign whereby to know that goose from the rest, and having cut it open, found the eye in its entrails, preserved by the power of God unhurt, and shining like a gem; which he took and put it again in its proper place, and recovered his sister; and was so kind also to the goose as to send it away alive, after it had been cut up, to the rest of the flock."

The fifth of March, 1554, is upon record as the day upon which died that almost divine artist Correggio. The melancholy nature of his death is well known, and may be mentioned as an instance of that fatality with which genius is too frequently connected. The artist having received in Parma a payment of sixty crowns in copper money, for one of the exquisite productions of his pencil, he carried it home on his back, about twelve miles, in the heat of the day; an exertion which, with his taking a draught of cold water at the time, threw him into a fever, of which he died. The death of Correggio would of itself form a noble subject for a painter of imaginative powers. On this very subject an artistic friend of ours, some years since, made a beautiful drawing, but we are not aware that it has ever met the public eye. It would form an admirable illustration in one of the higher order of our *Annals*. A painter of far inferior genius, yet still of eminent talent, our own Benjamin West, will have been dead eighteen years on the eleventh of March. Perhaps it may be fairly said of West that he contributed more towards the elevation of the character of historic design in this country, than any artist whom we have a right to claim. His pictures in the National Gallery, and elsewhere, will abundantly bear out this opinion.

How many tears have been shed, how many tears will still be shed throughout succeeding ages, for the unhallowed fate of the beautiful, the lovely, the almost worshipped Mary Queen of Scots; and how strange it is, that the character of this unfortunate Queen, the victim of lawless circumstance, should have been so poorly, so incapably estimated, even by some of our leading historians. Hume, who was clever enough when he chose to take sufficient pains for the purpose of qualifying himself to become so, handled her character as ably as an infant could handle a twelve-inch globe, and understood it about as well. It is well and truly said by Horace Walpole, coxcomb as he himself was, that, were he to undertake the task, he could shake the entire fabric of Hume's "*History of England*" to tatters. To no portion of the history, however, does this apply more forcibly than to that which relates to Mary Queen of Scots. We have not the book at hand at the moment, or we might quote, as another illustration of this half Gallicised lady-historian's critical acumen and gigantic grasp of mind, his strictures upon Shakspeare. David Rizzio, in some senses of the word, the favourite of Queen Mary, was assassinated through the wretched imbecility of her husband, and the vindictive fury of his associates, on the ninth of March, 27² years ago. Mary's murderer, Elizabeth, lived thirty-seven years after the perpetration of this sanguinary act. She perished, a writhing victim of remorse, on the twenty-fourth of March, 1603, 235 years since.

On the ninth of the month Dr. Edward Clarke, the celebrated traveller, will have been dead sixteen years, and Mrs. Barbauld, equally celebrated in her way, thirteen.

But the month of March is memorable for the passing away of greater men and greater geniuses than these. Admiral Byng, though neither a great genius, nor perhaps a great man in any sense of the word, was destroyed on the fourteenth of March, 1757, to save a weak and worthless Ministry. On the fifteenth, 1882 years ago, Julius Cæsar was assassinated in the Capitol. On the seventeenth, 1640, 198 years since, died Massinger, as a dramatic poet second only to Shakspeare. On the twenty-first, in 1556, Cranmer perished at the stake, a martyr to the faith which he had previously abjured. Goethe, the greatest, the most varied, the sublimest genius of modern times, expired on the twenty-second of March, 1832. His *Faust* and his *Wilhelm Meister*, to say nothing of a thousand other wonderful productions, are rocks of immortality. Indeed, had his creative mind never given birth to aught but the character of Mignon, in *Wilhelm Meister*, he would have immortalized himself beyond any other writer that has appeared for centuries. Since the days of Shakspeare, nothing can for a moment be placed in competition with Mignon. She is a creation, a vivid palpable existence, of truly divine origin. How well did Sir Walter Scott understand this when he meanly, we had almost said basely, stole the character of Mignon, and, as the gypsies treat the hapless children whom they steal, so disguised and mutilated it, that it was scarcely to be recognised even by its legitimate parent. We hardly need say that we allude to the poverty-struck plagiarism of *Fenella*, in the novel of "*Peveril of the Peak*." The German language was comparatively little understood at the time when the theft was committed, and detection, probably, was not anticipated. However, with that utter want of tact, of which we could not have suspected Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart has, for the last eight or nine months, been incessantly labouring to remove the idol of the ignorant and of the prejudiced from the pedestal which it has long unjustly occupied. Thanks to Mr. Lockhart for his pains.

Whilst noticing Goethe's inimitable Mignon, it is exceedingly amusing to observe the numerous attempts at imitation which have been made, both in this country and France. Amongst the more prominent of these may be mentioned Victor Hugo's *Esmeralda*, in the romance of "*Notre Dame*," and Bulwer's *Nysa*, in his "*Last Days of Pompeii*."

Sir Isaac Newton, we had forgotten to mention, died on the twentieth of March, 1727; Kotzebue was assassinated on the twenty-third of March, 1819; and Weber, the prince of modern composers, died on the twenty-third of March, 1829.

Nor is March remarkable for the deaths only of illustrious men. Tasso, the child of song, the favourite of princes, the worshipped of the fair, was born on the eleventh, 294 years ago; and on the twentieth, 1881 will have passed since Ovid, the poet of love, first saw the light.

Chelsea Hospital was founded on the eighteenth of March, 1682.

The origin of this excellent institution is generally ascribed to the benevolent feelings of Nell Gwynne, and to her well-known influence over that heartless and profligate Monarch, Charles the Second. It may not be deemed incurious to mention, that in the Rev. Mr. Gleig's recently published work, entitled "Traditions of Chelsea College," it is asserted that "there are those still living who have conversed with a Chelsea pensioner, and heard from his lips an account of the execution of Charles the First. The man was very old when he told the tale, to one who is now an old man himself, but was then in the prime of his youth; and he stated that his mother held him above the crowd, he being a child, so that he might see the sight; and the effect produced upon him was such that he could never afterwards forget it."

"St. Patrick's day in the morning!" This glorious festival amongst the sons of the Emerald Isle is on the seventeenth. St. Patrick is said to have relieved Ireland from the presence of all venomous beasts, reptiles, insects, &c.; so that it has been not only reported but believed of King's College, Cambridge, that, being built of Irish wood, no spider doth ever come near it. It does not appear, however, that St. Patrick's power was destined to last for ever, as it is well known that at the present moment there are in Ireland, and emanating from Ireland, scores of the most venomous vermin that were ever suffered to crawl or creep upon the surface of the earth. We recollect that one of Paganini's most charming efforts on his "one string," was the delightfully exhilarating air of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

"By the mass, by the Pope, by St. Patrick, so long
As I live, I will give him a beautiful song!
No saint is so good, Ireland's country adorning;
Then hail to St. Patrick, to-day, in the morning!"

We have heard it stated, upon traditional authority, that when St. Patrick was dying, he requested his weeping and lamenting friends to forego their grief, and rather rejoice at his comfortable exit, for the furtherance of which he advised each one to take "a drop of something to drink." Of this last injunction of the holy man the gallant sons of Erin have never lost sight, more especially on his anniversary festival. Whiskey, whiskey for ever, is the universal beverage.

On "St. Patrick's day in the morning" the bells ring merrily, the piper and the harper are in full requisition, and scores of old women, with plentiful supplies of trefoil, are heard in every direction crying, "Buy my shamrocks, green shamrocks."

The eighteenth, the day after St. Patrick's day, is called Sheelah's day. Who Sheelah is or was, does not however very clearly appear. Some say that she was Patrick's wife, others that she was his mother; but it is agreed, *una voce*, that her "immortal memory" is to be maintained by potations of whiskey; and the shamrock worn on St. Patrick's day is worn also on Sheelah's day, and at night is drowned in the last glass. As related by Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," it ought not to be forgotten that in the year 433, when St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, to convert the Irish, the pagan inhabitants

were ready to stone him : he requested to be heard, and endeavoured to explain God to them, as the Trinity in Unity. This, of course, the stupid pagans did not understand—how should they ? To make all clear, the missionary saint, with more tact than many of our modern missionaries, plucked a trefoil from the ground, and exhibiting it exclaimed, “ Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to be one, as for these leaves to grow upon a single stalk ? ” This was a “ palpable hit,” and the Irish were at once convinced and converted.

The well-known heraldic order of St. Patrick was instituted in the year 1783.

The twentieth of March, 1811, was the birth-day of the unfortunate Napoleon, designated King of Rome, the son of Napoleon Buonaparte, by his Empress Maria Louisa.

The spring quarter commences on the 21st of March, and lasts ninety-three days. The twenty-fifth is Lady-day, the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary. On this day, or within fourteen days thereafter, parochial overseers are to be appointed. “ Those whose year has expired must verify their accounts, by oath, before one justice, within fourteen days to be delivered to their successors, after the appointment of such successors. Constables, headboroughs, and tything men, are to deliver their accounts every three months, and within fourteen days after they leave office, to the overseers, who are, within the following fourteen days, to lay them before the inhabitants, and, if approved by a majority, they shall be allowed ; but if not, the constables, &c., may appeal to a justice.”

On the Thursday after the twenty-fifth, which, in the present year, is on the twenty-ninth, the Poor-Law *Guardians* are to be elected. Ardently do we hope and trust, that the *new* system on this subject will become not only *old*, but obsolete.

On the thirtieth of March, 556 years will have elapsed since the never-to-be-forgotten Sicilian Vespers.

WOMAN!

THERE is a witchery in Woman's eye,
 So tender and so fond—that if your heart
 Be steel'd against the magic of her sighs,
 Yet to her glances must you yield a part.
 Woman, with all her fickleness and art,
 With all her vacillation, and delight
 To make her most ador'd one's bosom smart,
 Is still the day that breaks upon our night,
 And in our darkest hours makes Mis'ry's self seem light!

THE PRUSSIAN SCHOOL OF DIPLOMACY.

At a period of the thirty years' war when the famous congress of Munster and Osnabruck was sitting to deliberate upon the conditions of peace between the belligerent powers, the celebrated Swedish minister Oxenstjerna determined upon sending his son thither as ambassador. The young count was surprised by the announcement, and endeavoured to excuse himself from the responsibility of such a mission by pleading his youth, and want of learning and experience; he had only then terminated his college studies at the university of Upsala. "Mine," he concluded, "would be a sorry figure in the midst of so many venerable, talented, and experienced statesmen." "My son," replied Oxenstjerna, "you are able and qualified for the trust which I now repose in you, and the performance of the duties to be laid before you; and I tell you," he added, "that you know not with what little understanding and wisdom empires are ruled and their affairs managed." Thus did that eminent statesman estimate the qualities of those in whom it lay to regulate the destinies of nations, and history proves his sagacity and the truth of his calculations.

But the continental governments judge differently now, and the Prussians, in particular, pretend that much learning, and certain forms of tuition, instilled by a severe discipline, are the proper constituent qualifications for a statesman. Upon this principle the aspirants to the Prussian diplomacy are trained, and the future state-functionary must be very arduous in the several departments of his study before he can lay claim to high expectations in his career.

In the Prussian school of diplomacy are trained only routinized "Cureaucratists," to whom are imparted all the requisites for becoming excellent in their various capacities of reporting, deciphering, and writing despatches, and otherwise fulfilling the offices of diplomatists. But the Prussian school has never produced a qualified statesman. No Oxenstjerna, Richelieu, Mazarin, Kaunitz, Chatham, Pitt, Talleyrand, Metternich—no such will ever issue thence, so long as the present system shall continue to be adopted. It cannot be denied that the adults to the diplomatical career in Prussia have to undergo a long and very arduous study, both theoretical and practical, before they are admitted as subaltern officers in the foreign department. It is not meant nor appropriate here to give a special description of the particular and various sciences taught, and the method of completing the education of the future Prussian diplomatist. The mass of knowledge necessary to be acquired, preparatory to an appointment, is very considerable: it comprises the study of the ancient and modern languages and classics; the immense and manifold branches of every system of jurisprudence, legislatures, and laws, from those of the Romans down to the existing laws of all Germany, those of the empires and nations, and the "*code diplomatique*." The scientific department of their studies is unusually

prodigious ; it comprises what, in the German universities, is denominated "*Cameral Wissenschaften*," which may be comprehended under the terms philosophical, technical, and mathematical, besides a host of other classes. By these studies and exertions, carried to an irritable extent, the heads and memories of the young men become tortured with such a *quodlibet* of learning that the higher mental faculties of reason, sound and quick judgment, must naturally be checked and suffer.

It must, however, be observed that a part of the Prussian diplomatical body is composed of members who have not made these studies nor been trained in the way now alluded to, but have enjoyed a pure military education, entered the army, and then been transferred to the diplomatical career. The Prussian *chargé d'affaires* and ambassadors, from the reign of Frederick the Great until this moment, have been many of them military officers who formerly held inferior ranks, varying from that of captain to the higher one of lieutenant-general ; and it is a remarkable fact, that at the most critical moments, and in the most important political events during the last thirty years, the Prussian ambassadors at Paris, Petersburg, and Vienna, were not learned and school-trained diplomats, but were formerly, or remained at their appointment, military officers. The same system has been adopted in France and Sweden ; and the conduct of these officers and their eminent services are the most indisputable proofs that the present mode of training the diplomats in Prussia is the worst that could possibly be contrived, and that criticism cannot be too severe with those who are forward in upholding the system in question. Not men of learning, profuse of knowledge and pedantical school wisdom, and enveloped in a dust of books and protocols, are able to rule, to any extent, the affairs and destinies of an empire or a nation. The qualifications necessary for such high offices as those held by ambassadors and diplomatists in general are, natural genius, moral power and courage, strength of character, sagacity and circumspection, magnitude of views, and boldness of conception and enterprise, all united to a stability of principles ; these are the proper accomplishments for the representative of a government. A statesman, in the high sense of the word, must, above all, be endowed with a firm, steady, manly, and independent character ; and these endowments are and must be wanting in the Prussian system of education in general, and with state functionaries in particular, as we have endeavoured to demonstrate in the foregoing observations. Statesmen can only be produced, either in an autocratic state under the sceptre of a great prince, or in the public experience of parliamentary business. Prince Metternich forms an exception to the rule just now laid down ; his eminent genius was duly acknowledged by the late humane though less gifted emperor of Austria, who coincided, however, with the counsel and views of this truly great statesman. Of the Prussian rulers only the elector of Brandenburg, Frederick William the Great, the founder of the present realm, had the accomplishments proper to a statesman ; whereas King Frederick the Great and his minister,

Count Herzberg, both moved in a sphere more inferior in that respect.

The *diplomat* may be trained by education, study, learning, and diligent perseverance. The *statesman* is made such only by nature and the spirit of genius and liberty.

SKETCHES OF LIVING PRUSSIAN DIPLOMATES.

1. *Baron Werther*, present minister of foreign affairs, was in 1807 a lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons, which he left for an occupation with which he was honoured by W. de Nagler, who then held the department of foreign affairs. Subsequently he was made secretary to the Prussian embassy at Constantinople, which office he held for many years, until raised to the degree of ambassador at Madrid, whence he was transferred to London, and afterwards to Paris. In that quarter Baron Werther rendered to his government very important services by the firmness which he displayed in the course of his political transactions with the French ministry since 1830. Baron Werther has not only the merit of being a writing diplomatist, but his chivalrous spirit is often awakened by recollections of his warfare; and recalling all the old feelings, he threatens, in many instances, not only with the pen, but even "hints of the sword," and of the *ultima ratio regum*, and such enthusiasm hits the mark with very good effect. He combines with the accomplishments of a perfect gentleman and courtier, and the smooth outline of a diplomat, the simple manners and honest bearing of a soldier. He is not very partial to mountains of protocols and a *paix à tout prix*, and therefore a kind of dissenter and renegado in respect of the ruling fashion in the Prussian diplomacy hitherto, and the diplomatical body at present.

As M. Ancillon has contrived to act independently of Russia's hitherto supreme influence over the policy of Prussia, Baron Werther is now quite at liberty to accomplish the task of ridding himself from all foreign interference in the affairs of Prussia; and he will have little difficulty in overcoming every obstacle, external as well as internal, to arriving at the noble end of placing his country on its proper dignity of position. To act this bold and honourable part, none is better adapted than Baron Werther. Fortune is favourable only to the audacious and enterprising.

2. *Baron H. Bulow*.—Baron H. de Bulow is the present ambassador for Prussia at the court of St. James's. Every one who has the honour of being acquainted with this eminent nobleman, or who has had the gratification of being, to any extent, in communication with him, must be conscious of no ordinary esteem and admiration for his amiable qualities, both in public and private life; his honest and straightforward disposition; his fine, polite, and agreeable manners and behaviour, so peculiar to the well-bred German; his humane and generous display of feeling, unite with many other accomplishments to stamp him as a noble in mind, and a finished gentleman.

When the king of Prussia made the famous appeal to his subjects

in February 1813, respecting a deliverance from the French yoke, every honest Prussian testified, in an abrupt and extraordinary manner, his approval and proud acception of the royal proclamation. Even demonstrations of joy were every where visible—but it was a joy of no usual nature. Private comforts, fortune, employment, domestic happiness, all were sacrificed to a national enthusiasm; and in a space of time incredibly short, there arose, apparently spell-directed, a host of armed patriots to the amount of a hundred and fifty thousand. Baron Bulow then volunteered in the suite of the famous General Dorenberg, and led a noble career until peace was proclaimed in 1814. Upon that event he took leave of the army, and at the institution of that unique diplomatical body called the German Diet (Bundestag) at Frankfort in 1816, he was appointed secretary of the Prussian ambassador at Frankfort on the Maine, Baron Humboldt, Minister of State.

Not long did he exercise the duties of his office before he became the subject of encomium by his superiors, who were not unconscious of his assiduity, diligence, and labours.

It was very soon discovered by the Russian and Austrian cabinets, that men of talents, possessed of high or only limited principles of liberalism, yet independent in character, were unsuited to the new German diet, and could not be tolerated by that body; accordingly, with all possible despatch, they recalled the barons Humboldt, Wangenheim, Gagern, and Montgellar, through their respective courts of Berlin, Stuttgardt, the Hague, and Munich. Personages more submissive were named, and since that period M. de Nagler, the Prussian minister, has been, and is now, presiding as vice chairman (the Austrian ambassador being president) at the council of this illustrious collegium, who, with the members thereof, must by no means be put in comparison with the famous conclave of the Round Table.

When Baron Humboldt was appointed Prussian ambassador at the court of St. James's in 1818, Baron Bulow accompanied him as counsellor of legation. It was then, or shortly before, that he became attached to the amiable daughter of the ambassador. In time he was united to her. The distinguished pair at once were felicitous and beloved in the sphere of their acquaintances. The baron rose rapidly from step to step in the rank of state functionaries, and has held for many years past his present elevated station.

To have appointed Baron Bulow a minister of foreign affairs would have been no less beneficial to the Prussian realm than honourable on the part of the government, as exhibiting thus their just appreciation of his accomplishments and his noble exertions. In his many changes of situation he has acquired an experience of magnitude; an experience of the utmost importance and utility, inasmuch as it comprises a perfect knowledge of the various systems of government, and an intimacy with the most celebrated and influential personages of the different nations, and more especially those of England, France, and Russia.

He has gained honours in profusion, among which is an order of superior degree, bestowed by the emperor of Russia, in considera-

tion of his labours connected with the commercial treaty betwixt the Prussian and Russian empires. Very unexpectedly this treaty was not ratified by the Russian government, which caused considerable detriment, and even ruin, to fall upon Prussia's manufactories in Silesia, where formerly a very spirited transit trade was carried on, through Russia, with Great Buchary and China.

It is necessary to observe that Baron Bulow did not undergo the ordinary method of diplomatical training in Prussia. Hence it happens that he has become the energetic and useful member which he now is.

3. *M. de Nagler*.—*M. de Nagler* is the present ambassador from the Prussian state at Frankfort on the Maine. He is a veteran functionary of undoubted talents and merit. In his views he is more inclined to the Austrian than the Russian policy.

At the time of Russia's Babylonian captivity, under Napoleon's yoke, he was a very active and indefatigable patriot and one of the chief instigators of the secret political association named "*Tugendbund*," i. e. "*Union of Virtue*." This institution was specially patronized and protected by the late queen, who honoured him with her confidence; whence arose the high esteem which the king still entertains for him. He was also on terms of intimacy with Prince Hardenberg, and was generally fortunate in his positions in society, being always employed in situations of eminence.

In the year 1818 he was appointed general postmaster of the realm, and to his exertions were owing those extensive improvements which took place in that public institution shortly after his appointment. At the same time he regretted that the existing laws laid a restraint upon his endeavours to add to the external comforts of the people by removing many impediments; accordingly, the benefits which he conferred, while they were consistent with his privileges, did not amount to what they otherwise would if that fault were removed from the Prussian system of government which restricts private individuals in their enterprises for public advantages. Notwithstanding of this, *M. de Nagler's* improvements were considerable and duly appreciated.

He is now in a proper situation with respect to place; it is one for which he is qualified with every endowment, and he has given proofs of this by his services in the cause of legitimacy and autocracy. His diplomatical capacities are of another nature and on a different basis than those of the eminent subjects of the two foregoing sketches. His acquirements in learning are remarkable. He is an admirer of the arts and sciences, and possesses a very select and exquisite gallery of valuable paintings and sculpture.

His countenance is expressive of intelligence; he is amiable in his disposition, and much more generous than his enemies represent him to be. Notwithstanding that *M. de Nagler* has gone beyond the advanced age of sixty, his faculties continue fresh; indeed it may be expected that he will live to see many years; and this is the more probable when we reflect that the illustrious German Diet is so constructed that the labours connected with it are not of a nature calculated to absorb the faculties of the members, who are not too much given

to exerting themselves in their several offices ; on the contrary, their excellencies are very fond of vacations to a far greater extent than that allowed by any other body of diplomates or ministers.

4. *M. de Jordan, Prussian Minister of the Court of Dresden.*—"God leads his saints wonderfully," and although M. de Jordan is not a "*saint*," yet his career is wonderful enough.

He has risen from the humble situation of Solicitor in the Court of Justice of the once existing French Colony at Berlin, of which he is a member, to his present eminent station.

Being a lawyer of that special Court, which required, as do the Courts in Prussia at large, that its members possessed unusual qualifications; it must follow that he is a gentleman of learning and a knowledge of mankind, of "*savoir vivre*" and "*savoir faire*," and experienced in the intricacies and wiles incident to human affairs. M. de Jordan possesses these qualities and many others in an extraordinary degree. He is amiable in his disposition; an agreeable companion, and witty; speaks much and fluently in both the German and French languages; is partial to conviviality, and fond of luxurious living. His countenance, with a peculiar disposition of the eye, at once proclaims a cunning and satirical expression; he is a perfect *bon-vivant*, but with these he possesses noble qualities which are characteristic of man in his best moral attire,—he is devoted to a peace and harmony among his fellow-beings, and would dedicate his sole occupation, if it were possible, to this magnificent end.

His diction in the French language is that of a master, and his correctness, rapidity, and general method of drawing up reports and despatches, are astonishing:—these accomplishments, added to many others, render his services and interference in political transactions in several respects of the utmost utility. No officer is more expert than M. de Jordan in the regulating of negotiations between a government and any other party; and when such negotiation should happen to be drawing upon the generosity of his own government, then, indeed, M. de Jordan is a precious agent. It is in a manner connected with such services as these that the gratitude of the Saxon government to M. de Jordan has been excited, for his benefits towards that power have been essential oftener than once. To account for such manœuvres it may be stated that the differences which existed betwixt the Prussian and Saxon governments concerning the arrangement of the frontier (in 1817 and 1818) and other important matters, entailed in particular certain proposals on the latter side which M. de Kuster, the predecessor in office of M. de Jordan, thought advisable not to accept.

As the principle is *now* adopted by *every* Government, "to keep peace on any terms," M. de Jordan would doubtless have been a very appropriate minister of foreign affairs for the sustenance of the "*statu quo*," and the spirit and system *hitherto* kept up in Prussia.

As a *statesman*, M. de Jordan has no pretensions; but as a *diplomatist* he is clever, meritorious, and exceedingly useful.

Old Blucher once exclaimed in his shrewd hussar language, "All that I have won with the heart blood, the bravery, and the sacrifice

of my soldiers, the scribblers (Federfuchser), meaning the diplomates, have lost by their nonsense, cowardice, and incapacity!"

The old hero with all his brothers in arms, commanding Prussia's armies in 1813, 1814, and 1815, are gone, the "scribblers" are living.

The turmoil is ended, and what now? Where is the prize, and to whom does it fall?

The French Eagle has been overcome, the Russian double-headed monster has devoured the white Eagle of Poland, keeps beneath his grasp the black one of Prussia, all Europe, great part of Asia, and glances expectantly towards the East Indies.

THE SAFE ARRIVAL.

WITH trembling hand she breaks the well-known seal,
And hope and fear within her breast contend,
While from her eyes the warm tears gently steal,
Drop on the page, and with its raptures blend.

She folds the letter oft with kisses prest,
And, with the fervour of requited love,
Her treasure nestles to her throbbing breast,
In transport casting her meek eyes above.

O! in those eyes what sweet expression dwells!
What gratitude and love are beaming there!
The soul has eyes, no tongue her bliss e'er tells,—
Those radiant orbs alone her joy declare.

"And thou art come," she cries, "and I shall see
Again thy smile, and rush to thy embrace;
Alike from danger and from absence free;
Thy toils and perils gratefully retrace.

But can it be? can such delight be mine?
Or do I dream as I have often dreamed,
And woke to weep, in solitude to pine,
Yet to the phantom clung till true it seemed?

And I have dreamed too of the awful storm,
And seen thy vessel dashed upon a rock,
Seen on the strand thy pale and mangled form,
Till with a shriek awakened by the shock.

Yes, it *is* true, and thou, my love, art here,
Nor can the storms of ocean overwhelm thee now;
Nor for thy Mary need'st thou shed a tear,—
The light of joy has settled on her brow.

O blest reward for all my anxious hours,—
The wakeful night, the hope-deferring day;
The storm is past, and now the calm is ours,
And flowers are blooming on our smiling way!

R. S.

THE HISTORY OF THE BASTILLE.*

THE history of the Bastille is too intimately connected with that of the great French Revolution to be passed over without due notice and attention. In proffering an account of that terrible fortress, many authors would have fallen into a series of horrible detail and elaborate description of sufferings only calculated to disgust or shock the reader. This error Mr. Davenport has carefully avoided; and in laying before the public a faithful account of the Bastille and of its principal inmates, he has only so far touched upon the revolting subjects that necessarily came under his cognizance as the nature of the task compelled him to do. The work under notice is, therefore, replete with interest and instruction: it is perspicuously and impartially written, and is happily divested of that manifestation of deeply-rooted but ridiculous prejudice that almost invariably characterizes the volumes which the English pen relative to French novels, manners, institutions, or histories. The "History of the Bastille" will be perused with pleasure by all classes of readers; and its style, independently of its subject, will place it amongst the standard productions of the British Press.

There have been many brief and detached accounts of the Bastille current in the English sphere of literature; but this is the first connected and important history that has hitherto satisfied the curiosity of the public regarding an event that must be considered with no ordinary degree of attention. The throne of him whom the French deemed a despot was only to be essentially shaken by the destruction of the worst engine of its tyranny; and when the adamant bars of the gates of that terrible castle were destroyed—when the secrets of the prison-house were displayed—when the dark dungeon of slavery was illuminated by the torch of popular vengeance—then emanated from that dismal abode young Liberty, clad in all her gayest garments. The effects of that glorious revolution which gave so vast an impulse to the energies and intelligence of the French, have been subsequently felt by all the other nations of Europe; and while Burke aimed his thunders against those principles which restored a desponding people to freedom, light, and happiness, a slow but certain change in popular feelings and opinions was originated by the explosion of that volcano which extended its influence throughout the atmosphere that surrounded it. From the burning plains of India to the peaceful regions of the Western world—from the howling shores of Lapland to the Southern extremity of Africa, will that influence, spreading with irresistible though gradient march, eventually be felt and acknowledged; and as the new light pierces more deeply into the mazes of obscurity through which it is penetrating by degrees, men must duly consider and determine to what extent their

* By R. A. Davenport, Esq. No. lxiv. of the "Family Library." Thomas Tegg and Son, London.

future felicity may be affected by the anticipated change. May we not say, in the expressive and beautiful language of Victor Hugo,—

“Are they, for whom that unknown sun is bright,
Unborn as yet, or winding on their way?
Are we, invested in this sad twilight,
To feel the blessing of its cheering ray?”

“There is a gentle hum—a murm’ring sound—
Is it the wings of them that soon must dwell
In other realms, amid a space profound?
Or is it Earth that sorrowing says, ‘Farewell?’

“That gentle sound, which falls upon the ear,
Soft as a breath, and sweet as lover’s tale—
Is it the token of an Eden near?
Or is it Earth that gladd’ning sings, ‘All hail!’

“The forests rustle—and the bird’s shrill song
Re-echoes loudly—and the sounding main
Mixes with music as it rolls along,
And leaves to doubt the motive of the strain!

“Oh! in such hours Philosophy may teach
Calmness, but vainly, to the soul of man:
Useless for hoary fanatics to preach
From ancient books their eyes can scarcely scan.”

* * * * *

It is, indeed—or ought to be, a matter of deep consideration how soon those political changes, to the chances of which we of the present generation or our heirs of the next appear to be destined, may involve us in a wide maze of doubt, speculation, and uncertainty. That a new era is in our horizon—big with mighty events—there cannot be a doubt: but at what time the crisis may commence, who shall dare hazard an opinion? Let us, however, turn from the contemplation of that which certain reminiscences have awakened in our mind, and direct the reader’s attention to a few passages in the work under notice. As an illustration of its style, we should reprint the first chapter, and lay before the public a concise history of the origin of the Bastille; but as we intend rather to amuse than instruct our audience in the present instance, we shall carefully abridge that portion of the work which relates the sufferings and escapes of De Latude, occasionally introducing the language of the author, and indicating such extracts through the usual *medium* of inverted commas.

A silly attempt at imposition upon the Marquise de Pompadour plunged Latude, at the age of five-and-twenty, into the dungeons of the Bastille. There he was robbed of his money and valuables, clothed in rags, and confined in the Tour du Coin. The day after his incarceration, Latude was interrogated by the lieutenant of Police; and so deeply did the prisoner work upon the feelings of that functionary, that his sufferings were materially alleviated by the society of a comrade—a Jew, named Abuzaglo—whom the lieutenant suffered to dwell in the same apartment with him. A speedy friend-

ship sprung up between the fellow-prisoners; and as both had more or less hopes of liberation at an early period, they mutually agreed that the one who should first taste the delights of freedom, should immediately exert his influence in favour of the other. Four months elapsed—and Latude was one morning informed that he was free. “Abuzaglo embraced him, and conjured him to remember his promise. But no sooner had the joyful Latude crossed the threshold of his prison, than he was told that he was only going to be removed to Vincennes. Abuzaglo was liberated shortly after; but believing that Latude was free and had broken his word, he ceased to take an interest in his fate.”

Latude, on the other hand, believing that Abuzaglo had forgotten his engagement, determined to effect his escape from an imprisonment which the marchioness of Pompadour destined to be perpetual. No less than nine long weary months passed away, ere he could find the opportunity. “The moment at length arrived. One of his fellow-prisoners—an ecclesiastic—was frequently visited by an abbé; and this circumstance he made the basis of his project. To succeed, it was necessary for him to elude the vigilance of two turnkeys, who guarded him when he walked, and of four sentinels, who watched the outer doors—and this was no easy matter. Of the turnkeys, one often waited in the garden, while the other went to fetch the prisoner. Latude began by accustoming the second turnkey to see him hurry down stairs, and join the first in the garden. When the day came on which he was determined to take flight, he, as usual, passed rapidly down the stairs without exciting any suspicion, his keeper having no doubt that he should find him in the garden. At the bottom was a door, which he hastily bolted to prevent the second turnkey from giving the alarm to his companion. Successful thus far, he knocked at the gate which led out of the castle. It was opened; and, with an appearance of much eagerness, he asked for the Abbé, and was answered that the sentinel had not seen him. ‘Our priest has been waiting for him in the garden more than two hours,’ exclaimed Latude: ‘I have been running after him in all directions to no purpose. But, egad! he shall pay me for my running!’ He was allowed to pass; he repeated the same inquiry to the three other sentinels, received similar answers, and at last found himself beyond the prison walls. Avoiding as much as possible the high road, he traversed the fields and vineyards, and finally reached Paris, where he shut himself up in a retired lodging.”

From that seclusion he addressed a petition to the king, acknowledged his fault, humbly solicited pardon, and mentioned the place of his concealment. But instead of experiencing the clemency he so fondly anticipated, he was again arrested, and consigned to the Bastille. At the expiration of about a couple of years he was once more allowed the society of a fellow-captive; and, as on the former occasion, a perfect communion of feeling instantaneously sprung up between them. Circumstances soon convinced them that Madame de Pompadour was inexorable; and in spite of the almost insuperable difficulties to be overcome, the two friends resolved upon effecting their escape. In order to do this, they must either pass through

gates ten-fold guarded ; or else ascend, through the strongly grated chimney, to the top of the tower in which they were confined—descend from that dizzy height of more than a hundred and fifty feet, into the ditch—and then break through the outer wall in order to obtain their liberty. The celebrated smuggler, Captain Johnson, who invented the submarine boat which was to convey Napoleon from the shores of St. Helena to those of his own idolised France, has escaped in his time from the Fleet, from the condemned cells of Newgate, from the Marshalsea, and from Horsemonger Lane gaols ; we however venture to suggest an opinion that even *he* would have shrunk before the dangers which Latude and D' Alegre proposed to encounter. But those two individuals “trusted to time and perseverance, the efficacy of which has often been proved.”

The first step towards the execution of their scheme was to discover a proper hiding-place for the tools and materials which must be employed. Circumstances soon convinced Latude that there was a hollow space between the floor of his chamber and the ceiling of the one immediately beneath ; and calculation enabled him to ascertain that the depth of that *vacuum* was from four to five feet and a half. There, then, was sufficient room to conceal their implements. But of what were those implements to consist ? Such was the question of D' Alegre—and such will doubtless be the interrogation of our readers.

“What !” said Latude, ‘have I not in my trunk a vast quantity of linen—thirteen dozen and a half of shirts—many napkins, stockings, night-caps, and other articles ? will not these supply us ? we will unravel them, and shall have abundance of rope.’”

The first attempt at tool-manufacturing upon which the two prisoners entered, and to which they devoted all their energies both moral and physical, was to extract two hooks from a folding-table, and grind them to an edge on the tiled floor. They then converted a portion of the steel of their tinder-box into a knife, and with that useful instrument made handles for their hooks, by which latter agency the tiles of the room were shortly raised, and it was thereby ascertained that Latude's calculations relative to the vacant space were correct. “The threads of two shirts were then drawn out, one by one, tied together, wound into small balls, and subsequently formed into two larger balls, each composed of fifty threads, sixty feet in length. These were ultimately twisted into a rope, from which was made a ladder of twenty feet, intended to support the captives, while they extracted the bars by which the chimney was closed. * * * Six months' unremitting toil was bestowed upon this single object.

“Having opened the passage up the chimney, they proceeded to construct their ladders. Their fuel, which was in logs of about eighteen or twenty inches long, supplied the rounds for the rope-ladder, by which they were to descend from the tower, and the whole of that by which they were to scale the outward wall. More tools being required to cut the wood, Latude converted an iron candlestick into a saw, by notching it with the remaining half of the steel belonging to the tinder-box. To this implement he afterwards added others. They then set to work on their wooden ladder, which it was neces-

sary to make of the length of twenty or five-and-twenty feet. It had only one upright, three inches in diameter, through which the rounds passed, each round projecting six inches on either side: the pieces of which it consisted were joined by *mortises* and *tenons*, and each joint was fastened by two pegs, to keep them perpendicular. As fast as the pieces were finished, the rounds were tied to them with a string, that no mistake might occur when they were put together in the dark. They were then carefully hidden under the floor."

Here we may pause for a moment—even though it be in the most approved style of romance-writers and novelists—to appeal to the sympathies of our readers, and interrogate them as to the state of mind in which those two daring individuals must have toiled during the period necessary for the completion of their work. Can the Englishman, who calmly peruses the history of their labours in that most horrible and hopeless of prisons, for one moment picture to himself the awful state of uncertainty and dread in which Latude and D'Alegre existed? Surrounded as they were by spies, at the mercy of a turnkey who was at liberty to enter their room at any moment, and subjected to a perpetual *surveillance*, how their hearts must have beat at every footstep that echoed in the passage adjoining their cell—how acute must have been their anxiety—how horrible their suspense!

But to continue. "It now remained for them to make their principal rope-ladder. This was an arduous and almost endless task, as it was more than a hundred and eighty feet long; and consequently double that length of rope was required." Latude, however, commenced his enterprising work by unravelling all his linen; and when he had thus acquired a sufficient quantity of threads, he and D'Alegre employed themselves in twisting them into ropes. To be brief, the whole of their manufacture amounted to more than fourteen hundred feet of strong rope; and the preparation of this and other materials essentially necessary to ensure the practicability of their flight, occupied another year and a half. Such perseverance, ingenuity, and almost unparalleled courage, were indeed deserving of eventual success!

"All was now prepared for their flight, and they had only to decide upon the day for attempting their hazardous enterprise. The 25th of February, 1756, was the day which they chose. A portmanteau was filled with a change of clothes, the rounds were fastened into the rope-ladder, the wooden ladder was got ready, the two crow-bars were put into cases to prevent them from clanging, and a bottle of brandy was prudently added to their baggage, to hearten them while they worked in the water—"an operation to which local circumstances would compel them—"for the Seine had overflowed, and at that moment there were from four to five feet water in the moat of the Bastille, and ice was floating upon it."

Latude was the first to commence the perilous undertaking. With pain and difficulty he clambered up the chimney; and on his arrival at the summit, let down a rope, through the *medium* of which he drew up the ladders, portmanteau, ropes, and other implements fabricated for the occasion. D'Alegre shortly followed his friend; and in a

few minutes they breathed together the fresh air of heaven on the platform of the Bastille.

The remainder of the incidents connected with this marvellous escape must be told in the concise and lucid language of Mr. Davenport himself:—

“As the Tour du Tresor appeared to be the most favourable for their descent, they carried their apparatus thither. One end of the rope-ladder was made fast to a cannon, and the other was gently let down. The safety rope was next passed through a firmly fixed block, and it was tied securely round the body of Latude. The daring adventurer now commenced his fearful descent of more than fifty yards, D’Alegre meanwhile slowly letting out the rope. It was well that they had taken this precaution; for at every step that he took, Latude swung so violently in the air that it is probable he would have lost his hold, had not the safety rope given him confidence. In a few moments, which however must have seemed hours, he reached the ditch unhurt. The portmanteau and the other effects were then lowered to him; and he placed them upon a spot to which the water had not risen. D’Alegre himself followed; and, as Latude applied all his strength to steady the ladder, the descent of his companion was effected with less annoyance and hazard than his own had been.

* * * * * As they heard a sentinel pacing along at the distance of ten yards, they were obliged finally to relinquish the scheme of climbing the parapet, which they had still cherished a hope of carrying into execution. There was, therefore, no resource but to break a hole through the wall. They accordingly crossed the ditch of the Bastille, to the spot where the wall separated it from that of the Porte Saint Antoine. Unluckily the ditch had been deepened here; and the water, on which ice was floating, was up to their arm-pits. They, nevertheless, set to work with a vigour which can only be inspired by circumstances like those under which they were placed. Scarcely had they begun, when, about twelve feet above their heads, they saw light cast upon them from a lantern carried by a patrol-major; they were compelled instantly to put their heads under water, and this they had to do several times in the course of the night. The wall at which they were working was a yard and a half in thickness; so that although they plied their crow-bars without intermission, they were nine mortal hours in making a hole of sufficient size for them to creep through. Their task was ultimately achieved; they passed through the aperture, and were speedily beyond the walls of their prison. But even at this moment of exultation, they had a narrow escape from perishing. In their way to the road by which they were to go, there was an aqueduct; it was not more than six feet wide, but it had ten feet of water and two of mud. Into this they stumbled. Fortunately, Latude did not lose his upright position; having shaken off his companion, who had mechanically grasped him, he scrambled up the bank, and then drew out D’Alegre by the hair of his head.

“The clock struck five as they entered the high road.”

For a conclusion of the adventures of Latude and his friend D’Alegre, we must refer our reader, whose curiosity will doubtless

have been awakened by these interesting extracts, to the work itself; and in taking leave of "The History of the Bastille," we can only repeat that which we said in the commencement of this notice, that it is replete with interest and instruction. Although the oriental fruit-hawker may cry, "In the name of the Prophet—figs!"—or, in other words, *parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*—there is no analogy between the former fact, or the latter fiction, and the performance of the author of the volume under notice. If his aim were lofty—his execution is worthy of that aim; and in signalizing one single portion of the book to submit to the penalty of refutation, we select the first eight lines of the "Advertisement" or "Preface," a reference to which will exemplify the precise nature of our criticism.

PARISIANUS.

NAPOLEON.

Thus he, who, with his martial host,
Victorious rov'd from coast to coast—
Before whose armies in the field
Monarchs would fly, and cities yield—
And in whose power was Europe's doom—
His ashes are denied a tomb!
The hand of death he could not brave—
In France he has not found a grave,
Although the Palace of the Czar
Became his booty in the war!—
England! with thee must e'er remain
The sad remembrance and the stain!
Banished to save thy dastard fears,
Th' imperial exile pass'd in tears
A series of afflicted years:—
And now the country he ador'd,
For which he drew the conq'ring sword—
That country's senate dares deny
A small—a sorry spot of ground,
That 'neath the Column may be found,
To form the hero's cemet'ry!

VICTOR HUGO.

A LOVE STORY,

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT AT LAW.

"Young Love once lived in an humble shed."—SONG.

CHAPTER I.

THE East has always been a land of romance, from the chivalrous days when the renowned Richard of the Lion-heart put his lance in rest in warlike array against the pagan Saladin, even unto the year of grace in which we live! We have, however, too much consideration for our gentle readers, to drag them, even in imagination, across the land of sandy deserts, simoons, caravans, and camels, and therefore limit the locale and extent of our story to that part of the United Kingdom bounded on the East by Stepney and on the west by Temple Bar.

A few yards south of Butcher Row, in a poor and populous neighbourhood, such as is popularly known as a rookery, dwelt Abraham Briggs, the father of our heroine.

His one-pair domicile stood at the corner of an unpaved alley, and commanded a view of four streets—the dingy rays of a more dingy nucleus. Over the door was painted, in small white letters on a black ground, the name of the owner, followed by these words—"*Dealer in Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, and Snuff.*" The door was half-glazed, and a musical bell, suspended on the inside, tingled more or less from "morn to dewy eve"—according to custom! Through the hazy windows might be distinguished, by a keen observer, two large jars, respectively inscribed, "cabbage" and "onions," several small glasses containing barley-sugar, sugar sticks, bull's eyes, Bonaparte's ribs, suckers, and other confectionery, tempting to infant palates; together with a basket containing some "suspicious" looking eggs, a small pile of Flanders bricks, relieved by a few Yarmouth bloaters, and some half-dozen of blacking-bottles. These useful articles of consumption, with some papers of pins, cotton and worsted balls, and a few tapes and laces, completed the window stock. The furniture of the interior was no less multifarious; opposite the door stood a nine-gallon cask of very small beer, with a tin measure or two gaping in readiness near the brass vent. Packed against the wall was a stack of "penny-bundle" fire-wood, surmounted by brooms, brushes, mops, and balls of twine. Over the greasy counter hung a deep fringe of rushlights and "dips" of various sizes; and a "round" of those thin matches with their sharp yellow points, looking like the beaks of callow birds, which the newly invented "lucifers" and "prometheans" have threatened to "put out." At one end was the "staff of life," in quantities varying from the slender penny-loaf to the jolly quartern, all warranted unadulterated and cheap bread. The half of a huge Cheshire and two angular pieces of a single and double Gloucester for "rabbits," with a piece of bacon about the colour and dimensions

of a buff waistcoat, were drawn up in array on the opposite side, as if with the amicable intention of meeting the bread half-way. A row of links formed an excellent back ground to this tempting picture. A block of salt, two pair of scales, and a tin treacle-can with a large spout, nearly filled up the rest of the counter; but still, through the interesting vista formed by this choice collection, might be discerned a nest of little drawers, with labels thumbed to illegibility; on the top of which were sundry articles of dusty white crockery, intended for the use of chamber and kitchen. Such was the domicile of Abraham Briggs. On the north side was an addition in the shape of a murky coal-shed, on the swinging door of which were painted these astounding words—words sufficient to raise the offended spirit of Mr. Malthus—or blanch the roses on the cheeks of the erudite Miss Martineau—“*Families supplied from the Wharf!*”

CHAPTER II.

Briggs was a persevering, industrious, and pains-taking man. He had married early, alas! too early, for it was unfortunately long before the institution of “Temperance Societies,” and his poor rib died in ignorance of the wholesome precepts and practice of that invaluable body. Too temptingly contiguous to the “Man in the Moon,” and in the very vortex of an infectious example, she became imperceptibly initiated in the pernicious impropriety of taking morning drams of “gin and peppermint,” and sundry other cordials and compounds. Vain were the remonstrances and exemplary sobriety of Briggs. Mrs. B. persisted in her dangerous course, and never “gave up the spirit” till she died. Having drawn a blank in the matrimonial lottery, Briggs was fearful of venturing upon another chance, and therefore summoned his maiden sister Betty to superintend his household, and the education of his only daughter Jemima. Betty had a smattering of reading and writing, and gossipped so pleasantly with the customers, that the chandlery department “told” better than ever. She had, however, suffered from an early disappointment in love, and was rather negligent and slatternly in her personal appearance. Her niece, now almost twelve years of age, was an indolent romp, and copied the free and easy mode of her paternal relative to perfection, or rather to imperfection.

She was a pretty brunette, as rough and vivacious as a young unbroken colt. She had a genius for learning, but, like most geniuses, she only acquired information by fits and starts. Twenty times a day would Betty run to the door and bawl after the truant, who was playing at hoop, or marbles, or skipping-rope, with the unwashed progeny of her father’s customers.

“Jemmy!—Jemima! I say—bless me! child, how many times have I told you not to go out without asking *leaf?*” would Betty exclaim; and in frisked Jemima, like a fawn, only to whisk out again the moment her back was turned.

Briggs himself was too much occupied in carrying out coals to pay much attention to his child, and being quite illiterate, or, as he expressed it, “not knowing B from a bull’s foot,” took no interest in her improvement. “As for the matter of larning, he could never

see the use on it," as he said; "and he never yet know'd a scollard as had a skuddick to call his own—a set o' poor devils, all pride and no pence!" In the receipt of a handsome competence, and having laid by a considerable sum in hard cash, enough to secure an independence for the rest of his days, Briggs considered that every man might pursue the same course with equal pleasure and the same results without "bothering his head with books;" although he purchased a great quantity in the shape of waste paper, the only purpose for which he deemed them of any worth or utility.

CHAPTER III.

The chief favourite among Jemima's street acquaintances was John Davis, a lad about her own age, the son of a carpenter in the neighbourhood. He was certainly handsome, although none but such an intimate as Jemima, perhaps, could have discovered his personal charms, disguised as they were in a brown holland pinafore, a leather skull-cap, and "lace-up" boots. His amiable manners, and genteel demeanour, imperceptibly won upon her esteem, and then she listened with intense delight to his discourse, for he was an admirable story-teller, and was abundantly supplied with books by his indulgent father, for John, as well as Jemima, was an only child.

The first sorrow she ever felt was, when her father abruptly forbade her to have intercourse with the youth. The fact was, Davis, upon some rude remark on the part of the independent Briggs, had withdrawn his custom, and there was consequently a feud between the families.

For some months, Jemima's only consolation was nodding at John as he trudged to school every morning, at which time she generally happened to be engaged, tending a box of mignonette and scarlet runners which adorned her chamber window.

CHAPTER IV.

Two or three years rolled on, and produced the usual changes in their course. Among a parcel of "waste," which Briggs purchased, was a portion of the "Novelist's Magazine," which, falling into the hands of Jemima, she began to read, and, being gratified with the perusal, she carried the prize to her chamber. A description of the "raven and glossy locks" of the heroine made her involuntarily turn her eyes towards a piece of broken looking-glass nailed beside the window, and the ridiculous comparison with her own straight tresses made her smile. She took the hint, however, and determined to improve her toilette,—a resolution which soon unprofitably diminished the "hog's-lard" and "whitey-brown" of her father's ample store.

The first morning she made her appearance with her head in papillottes, startled her father, and almost caused the demolition of the saucer from which he was vulgarly sipping his morning beverage.

"Why, Jemmy! zooks! girl, what a fright you look," exclaimed Briggs; "Who put this nonsense into your head?"

The blood mounted and crimsoned the cheek of our lovely heroine as she innocently replied—

MARCH, 1838.

U

"I've only curled my hair, father; other girls, much younger than I am, put their hair in paper."

"Other girls are fools—and so are you," answered Briggs. "I'll have none of this frippery in my family, I can tell you."

"La! Abraham," said Betty, pulling the silver tea-spoons from her pocket, the usual sanctum of the family plate, "I'm sure the child looks more decent—don't make a fuss about such a trifle."

"Hoity-toity," cried Briggs, "I s'pose as you'll be a' frizzling your gray wig next, like an old fool as you are."

This unpalatable allusion to her gray hairs excited the indignation of the spinster. Drawing up her slender form, and darting a look at Briggs that was enough to shatter the nerves of a more delicate frame than his, she bawled out, in a voice cracked with excess of rage, "Brother, you're a brute, and have no more decency than a hog. There's no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, I know; but, let me tell you this, once for all, if you don't treat me with a little more respect, I'll leave you to grub on in your own way—and then see where you'll be. You sha'n't work upon my feelings and broil me in this manner for nothing."

"My eyes! here's a pretty kettle o' fish!" cried Briggs, startled by her vehemence; and resolutely dashing down his silver spoon on the tea-tray, declared he would soon see who was master and who was not; and then, like a wise general, made a hasty retreat. Hereupon Betty immediately "flopped" into a chair, kicked the floor hysterically with her heels, and burst into a flood of tears; while Jemima affectionately threw herself into the arms of her aunt, mingled her tears with hers, and almost smothered her with her caresses.

Like most other storms, this domestic one was succeeded by a calm, and Briggs very prudently offered no further remarks upon the heads of his family.

CHAPTER V.

The alteration in the personal appearance of John Davis was still more remarkable. Through the interest of his father, backed by his own abilities, he obtained a situation in a banking-house; and now

"A clerk he was in London gay."

Leathern cap and pinafore were cast off, and he became a smart young man. He wore a tall yeoman-crowned hat, with a narrow brim, and, above his black stock, arose a stiff-starched collar to his very ears; his little jacket was displaced for a blue coat with yellow buttons and a swallow tail; while a pair of full trowsers were chained down over Wellington boots, polished with Warren's jet, and armed with rattling iron heels. How sweet was the music of those heels to the palpitating heart of Jemima, as her lover punctually trotted along the pavement morning and evening! How eloquent was the look that responded to the stealthy peep from the corner of her window! Although forbidden to hold any verbal communication with her quondam play-fellow, Jemima trusted that it was no breach of filial duty merely to look at the object of her affections, as he passed and re-passed the paternal domicile.

Alas! the eyes, that ought to be the watchers of the heart, betrayed their trust, and involved both parties in the inextricable labyrinths of love; and the restraint which the mandate of Briggs had imposed upon them only served to rivet their chains more securely, and cause their affection for each other to glow more ardently; or, rather, it was like a river which becomes deeper for the opposing dam!

It was the custom of Briggs "on Sundays," when the summer evenings permitted, to sit outside his shop-door in his shirt sleeves and smoke his pipe, chatting with a passing customer, or an opposite neighbour similarly employed; and there leaning pensively against the door-post, and gazing listlessly at the projected toe of her smart slippers and white cotton stockings, might the slender form of Jemima be seen.

One evening she was startled from her dreamy thoughts by the well-known sound of John's heel clicking along the pavement of the silent street. Fortunately, Briggs was too much occupied in the discussion of the virtues of the Best Wall's Ends, with the "one pair" opposite, to notice the agitation of his daughter. His colloquy was, however, interrupted, and he gazed upon the youth, in astonishment, till he turned the corner; then, taking his pipe from his lips and raising his hands, he cried out to his neighbour,—

"See that chap! Vell, dash my vig, if that 'ere don't beat cock-fighting all to shivers! That fool, Davis, is bringing that cub up to summat, however. Why, it must cost a matter o' summat to keep this young finnickin jackanapes in starch. This comes o' larning."

"Ah! no good never comes of these new-fangled notions," replied his friend, who was of the same "stamp" as Briggs. "Why, there was young Morris, didn't he play a precious game? him, you know, as was hanged for forgery."

"To them as has no means," continued Briggs, "larning's no better than a rope-maker to Jack Ketch."

Here the indignant and trembling Jemima shrunk away unobserved, for the ungenerous language of her father pierced her to the very soul. Although she had the inclination, she possessed not sufficient courage to defend her favourite. She had probably never heard of Shakspeare, or she might have defended her lover, or at least his *boots*, by quoting the aphorism—

"He that hath no music in his *sole*
Is fit for treasons, plots, conspiracies!"

A heavy shower of rain succeeded in driving Briggs from his post, and he retreated to his little gloomy back-parlour.

"I say, Betty," said he, soliloquizing, and watching the rain drops as they coursed each other down the window frame, "you'll catch it howsomdever—the new bonnet will be damaged a trifle, I'm thinking."

Now the new bonnet, to which he alluded with such a chuckle, had been obtained with much difficulty, and he appeared to anticipate the spoiling thereof with a great deal of self-complacency and glee. The rain still continued with unabated fury, and presently a peremptory rap at the door announced an arrival.

"Run along, Jemmy," cried he, laughing.

The good-natured Jemima rushed to the door and let in her aunt. The disappointment of Briggs was great, when he discovered that she had escaped.

"Well," cried she, throwing herself into an arm-chair, "one might get drenched for what one's relations care."

"A desperate night," remarked Briggs, blinking her pointed observation.

"Yes, faith," continued Betty, "and it's lucky for us women that there are some men in the world."

"What, picked up a spark, eh, Betty?" cried Briggs; "well, it never rains but it pours."

"Yes—I *did* happen to find a gentleman," replied Betty, "one that had a heart."

"And an umbrella, I s'pose?" said Briggs.

"Yes, an umberella," replied Betty. "Jemmy, my dear, just hang my bonnet on the back of the chair. I am sure I was quite surprised—"

"No doubt," said Briggs.

"I could hardly believe my eyes or my ears—so genteel and well-spoken," continued Betty; "and so polite. He gave me the wall whenever we crossed, too, in such a manner. It's some years since I've spoken to him, and I'm sure I should never have supposed he'd have been the son of a carpenter."

"And who was it, pray?" asked Briggs.

"Why, the son of our neighbour, Davis, to be sure."

"Who?" fiercely exclaimed Briggs.

"John Davis!"

"John Davis," cried Briggs with an oath, and, rising, bounced out of the room with a frown that was intended as an annihilator.

Jemima's pleasure at the praise of her lover overcame every feeling of terror at her father's abrupt and vulgar denunciation.

That same evening she blushing confessed her predilection for the gallant youth,—a sentiment of which her aunt could not but approve, although she stood in too much fear of her brother's ignorant and unfounded antipathy openly to encourage it.

CHAPTER VI.

What a strange mystery is love! Like hydrophobia and podagra, the faculty have fruitlessly sought for an effectual remedy for it. The symptoms and diagnosis of the disease are so various in different subjects, that, notwithstanding the daily occurrence of the malady, the amber-headed canes of the Æsculapians have been nibbled in vain—no specific has ever been discovered. Some indeed take it "very favourably," and, after a dose of matrimony, not only obtain a perfect cure, but are ever after exempted from a relapse. But, like *colchicum* in the gout, this "domestic medicine" so frequently produces such fearful results (one trial will prove the fact!) that many are deterred from swallowing the bitter pill, although it be gilded. There are some, indeed—but this digression is impertinent, and, however well it may be intended, we feel quite certain that the

"afflicted," to whom it is particularly addressed, will most perversely scorn or misconstrue it—we will therefore resume the thread of our story—yea, even from the needle-point, which is symbolic of the arrow of Cupid, to the knot which is the type of the hymeneal tie!

The favourable opinion of Betty was a stepping-stone, or rather a silken ladder, to the feet of the enamoured swain, and offered him the long wished for facility of an interview with his beloved.

A sudden disposition of accompanying her aunt to chapel of a Sunday evening manifested itself in Jemima.

Briggs was surprised, but said nothing, for he was conscious of an irresistible coalition on the part of aunt and niece, and once even ventured to confess in a murmuring mood to a neighbour, that "the women had got completely the upper hand of him;" but still, "good easy man," he quietly smoked his pipe, and—nothing else! Although no devotee himself, Briggs was honest and moral, and had early instilled into the mind of his daughter the necessity of speaking the truth—acting uprightly in all her dealings, and loving her neighbour—which was, he said, the "holus bolus" (sum total) of his moral code. Now, in respect of the third article, Jemima had indisputably rather improved upon it, for she not only loved her neighbour, but her neighbour's son!

One evening the lovers, now grown bold and incautious, did not separate till they arrived at the corner of the street leading to Briggs' store, and the amiable John, lifting his beaver and making an elegant bow to the admiring Betty, "backed" upon the chandler, who was sauntering down the street.

"I beg your pardon," said the astonished lover, and crossed the road in evident confusion, while the more astonished Briggs beheld, in the objects of his politeness, the persons of his slender sister and his blushing offspring.

"What's that 'ere monkey mean by noticing o'you?" said Briggs; "I wish he'd keep his manners to hisself—I don't like 'em at all, I can tell you."

"Politeness, Abraham," said Betty, bridling.

"Who vants his perliteness?" cried Briggs, and followed grumblingly at their heels.

When they had entered the little parlour, they took their seats in silence. Briggs fidgetted in his chair for a minute. "I tell you what it is, sister," he commenced; "I've a notion somehow, that that 'ere sprig's a casting a heye upon Jemmy."

Betty and Jemima looked and felt as if they had simultaneously received the electric contents of a Leyden jar—certain it is they anticipated a family one!

"Now once for all, I tell you, if that 'ere chap sets his foot within my doors, I'll kick him clean into the kennel and spoil his finery."

"O cruel parent!" exclaimed Jemima, for in her "mind's eye" the tender-hearted maiden saw the very action suited to his emphatic words.

"Don't parent me," vociferated Briggs in a passion.

"Abraham! Abraham!" said Betty "what in the name of Heaven do you put yourself in this tantrum of a passion for?"

"Passion!" cried Briggs, completely diverted from his former position. "What does she mean by parenting me then—ain't I her father? But it's no use talking, I see; you are both rowing in the same boat; and you may both go—"

"To bed, my dear," said Betty, nodding significantly to Jemima; and, rising, she bounced out of the room with her charge without deigning to parley any farther with her wrathful brother. Indeed, this was a very prudent manœuvre on her part, for any reasonable discussion at present, she was well aware, was a hopeless case. Briggs was "fizzing" away like a November squib, and Betty very well knew that, like the said squib, it would end in an explosion. She therefore resolved to leave him till morning, when, his rage being expended, she hoped to handle the "case" with security.

CHAPTER VII.

Diana, in all the silvery splendour of her summer beauty, floated in the dark blue heavens, illuminating tiles and chimneys, and glittering in the rippling gutters, as the miscellaneous streams coursed down the streets to the respective gulley-holes of their destination. The chamber-window of Jemima was obscured in the soft shadow which spread midway across the cabbage-leaf-and-potatoe-peeling-scattered street. Every thing bespoke tranquillity and repose, only broken at intervals by the monotonous tramp of the policeman, or the distant and mellow hum of the traffickers passing to and fro in Whitechapel!

With a light and stealthy tread, a figure, enveloped in a dark blue Mackintosh, glided beneath the shadow of Briggs' coal-shed, and, drawing a bright tube from his vest, applied one end to his mouth, and projected the other in an angle of forty-five degrees towards the casement. It was soon evident, from the rattling patter which followed the action of the gallant, that the instrument he held was a pea-shooter! For a moment he watched the effect of his mysterious and romantic signal. Apparently impatient of delay, the sighs he would have breathed were all concentrated in a second vigorous discharge which would probably have demolished the panes, had they received it; for what was the lover's dismay when, in lieu of the expected sounds, his ears were saluted by a sort of semi-shriek, and an exclamation from the stentorian lungs of the redoubtable Briggs!

The fact was, his first signal had been heard by the chandler, who had silently raised the intervening window, and had just thrust forward his dark visage to reconnoitre, when he received the whole contents of the pea-shooter in full front. The disappointment and terror of the gallant youth (no other than Jemima's swain) may be easily imagined. His "discretion," however, was equal to his affection, and, putting his best leg foremost, he vanished incontinently during the confusion, and never stopped till he arrived with a beating heart "at his own cottage door."

CHAPTER VIII.

The unreasonable dislike of old Briggs to his daughter's suitor was insurmountable; both aunt and niece, therefore, cautiously avoided

touching upon the unwelcome topic; but Jemima was in love, and the interdiction of her "cruel parent" acted rather like a pair of snuffers than an extinguisher upon the flame. As for John Davis, he was plump over head and ears in the tender passion, and, like a blue-bottle in a pot of treacle, only got deeper and deeper in the sweet confusion.

Betty, the kind Betty, having had early disappointments herself, felt a strong sympathy for all "lovers," and strenuously exerted herself to bring about a happy issue to their wooing. Being, moreover, firmly convinced of the sage maxim—

"Happy's the wooing
That's not long a doing!"

she accelerated the match as much as possible.

For two days Jemima had not made her appearance at meals. Now Briggs was by no means an unkind father, notwithstanding his roughness and vulgarity; and although Betty had "completely taken his daughter out of his hands," as he said, he could not suppress a natural uneasiness at her non-appearance.

"Is Jemmy ill?" asked he laconically.

"Ill! no," replied Betty, coughing and colouring to the eyes; "what put that into your head?"

Tingle-tingle went the shop-bell, to the great relief of the aunt.

"A letter for Mr. Briggs," said the postman.

"For me!" cried the astonished chandler, taking up the epistle and turning it over and over, for even the superscription was an Egyptian hieroglyphic to his uneducated eye.

Betty paid the postage, and entered the parlour in some embarrassment.

"Who can write a letter to me?" said Briggs. "Here, read it, Betty, and let's know all about it."

With trembling hands Betty broke the seal, and, after a preliminary hem or two, she acquiesced in her brother's request, and read the following words:—

"Honoured father—"

"Hollo!" cried he, "what's that?"

"Honoured father," continued Betty,

"I have taken a step which I feel is wrong, but knowing your disinclination to the match, and knowing that you would never give your consent to my union with the only man who can make me happy, I have dared to marry first, and then ask your pardon and forgiveness. Unless I obtain your blessing I shall indeed feel unhappy. Do not then, dear father, withhold it from

Your affectionate daughter,

JEMIMA DAVIS."

"Wheugh! the devil!" exclaimed Briggs, putting his hands upon the table and thrusting back his chair. "Married—what Jemmy married—it can't be!"

"It's true, however, brother."

"Then," cried he, striking his clenched fist upon the table, "she shall never have a farden o' mine."

Again the bell jangled, and in walked John's father.

"Mr. Briggs at home?" said he—"good morning, Mr. Briggs."

"Well!" cried the Chandler fiercely, "and what do you want?—Come to talk about this 'ere precious son o' yours, I s'pose?"

"I have," replied Mr. Davis. "Come, don't be angry, neighbour Briggs; John is a good lad, and can keep your daughter."

"Let him," said Briggs, "for depend on't I won't."

"He has a good place, and—"

"May lose it, p'raps, when his masters know as how he has made a fool of hisself."

"They do know it," answered Davis; and the partners called him in only yesterday morning, lectured him on marrying so early, and said that he could not afford to keep a wife upon the salary they paid him, and—"

"So they packed my gentleman off with a flea in his ear, I s'pose?" interrupted Briggs.

"On the contrary, they praised him for his attention to business, and very handsomely added fifty pounds a year to his income."

"Well, come, that was thoughtful," said Briggs, who in vain endeavoured to conceal the interest he felt under the mask of displeasure. Davis perceived his advantage.

"Do not let us then be less generous towards the young couple than strangers," said he. "Remember she is your only daughter, as he is my only son."

"And pray now, coming to that, what chips can you give 'em to make the pot boil?" demanded Briggs with a sneer.

"A guinea to every pound you give your daughter," replied Davis.

"The dickens you will," said Briggs, who was rather proud of his "substance;" "then depend on it I'll try your mettle, and if I don't bring you to a stand-still my name's not Abraham Briggs, that's all."

"Do your best," said Davis smilingly; "meanwhile give me your hand and let's be friends."

"It ain't my fault we wa'n't al'ays so," said Briggs.

"And you'll take a snack with us at John's on Sunday?"

"Well, if I must—" said Briggs.

"Do, Abraham, dear, and we shall all be so happy," said Betty, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, overcome by her feelings.

"You're an old fool," said Briggs; "and I've a notion as how 'twas you as put all this 'ere moonshine into the girl's foolish head, with your nonsensical love stories!"

Of course the affair was virtually settled. All the shutters of the corner shop were up on the following Sunday, and Betty, escorted by John's father, and followed by Briggs (who always liked to have his arms to himself), led the way to a row of small neat yellow-brick houses near Stepney; containing, according to Betty, "four sweet little rooms and a lean-to!" And now, having brought the party to the door, we shall leave to the reader's imagination the interesting meeting of the new Mrs. Davis and her forgiving parent.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

A PROVERB OUT OF USE.

THE mother of Edward Stuart died while he was yet an infant; and Edward was but a boy at school when death robbed him of his doating father, an old-fashioned, high-principled man, who left his son as a legacy—his blessing, some few hundred pounds, and an exhortation that he would adopt as his rule of conduct through life the time-honoured maxim—"Honesty is the best policy."

This last injunction was but little needed by Edward—the good example of parental probity, the virtuous counsels of parental wisdom, had instilled into his youthful mind a chivalrous sense of honour, which it was clear to all who knew him would in his progress through life make him the very Bayard of the circle in which he moved, a *chevalier sans tache et sans reproche*.

The word of Edward Stuart was never doubted for one instant by his schoolfellows or by his master. "Which of you were guilty of this act?" said his archdidascalus one day to his assembled pupils, on the occasion of some breach of scholastic discipline. "I was one, Sir," said Stuart—"Who were your companions?" enquired the pedagogue. "It is for them to answer you, Sir, and not for me to betray them," was Edward's reply; whereupon he was duly chastised as an example to his schoolfellows of the advantages of candour.

"Edward Stuart was a fool to say a word about it; it just served him right," was the comment of one of these—David Munns, "another guess sort of personage" as the Americans say; one who never troubled himself how to get out of a scrape if a lie would serve his purpose, and whose conduct was never shackled by any such notions of honour and honesty, as influenced his more high-minded companion.

"Honesty is the best policy," said Edward Stuart; "every one take care of himself, as the donkey said, when he danced among the chickens," quoth David Munns; and the schoolfellows acted in after-life strictly in accordance with the precepts with which they started.

They left school at about the same period:

"The world was all before them where to choose."

So Munns entered the office of a Stockbroker, while Stuart mounted a high stool in the dingy counting-house of a West India Merchant. Both being daily engaged in the city, it was to be expected that they should occasionally meet: when they did, their interviews were but short, for there was little community of feeling between the parties, and the acquaintance would probably have been dropped altogether, but that Munns, with that regard to his own interest which always influenced him, took care to keep it up, because Stuart was a man whom every one respected, and with whom it was creditable to be upon friendly terms.

Stuart married early. He had not in the wide world one relative on whom to pour out his affections, one friend with whom he could

take sweet counsel, until he became acquainted with Ellen Sims, an orphan like himself, and the niece of the worthy merchant with whom he was living. "You shall have her, Edward, by all means—" quoth her uncle: "I might have wished her a richer husband, I am sure she could not have a better; and as a proof that I am sincere in saying so, if you will invest your little property in my business, you shall have a proportionate share of the profits." This liberal offer was accepted. Edward became the husband of an amiable woman, and a junior partner in a highly respectable mercantile establishment; and he said in the fulness of his heart—"My poor father was right, —Honesty is the best policy."

While Stuart was thus acting up to his first adopted principles, David Munns had shown a like fondness for the views with which he started in life, and had omitted no opportunity of taking care of himself.

"How d'ye do, Stuart? allow me to introduce Mrs. Munns," was the form of speech with which he one day called the attention of his old acquaintance to the female who was walking with him, whose manners and style of dress, however, too strongly marked the class to which she belonged to deceive even the unpractised eye of Stuart. She was, in fact, a cast-off mistress of Consols, the Stockbroker who had paid Munns a handsome sum to take her off his hands and make an honest woman of her. But Munns, who placed too high a value upon himself to throw himself away, as he would have termed such an unequal match, and who had, before this offer occurred, made a hit on the Stock Exchange by speculating in some securities the property of the aforesaid Consols which had come into his possession in the way of business, fulfilled only one part of the agreement. He played booty with the frail fair one; they shared between them the sum which their combined talents had evoked from the pockets of the man of 'Change, and if Munns did not make his companion an honest woman, he allowed her to live with him as if she had been.

This connexion, however, did not last long. Munns's principles, or rather his leading principle of taking care of himself, led to its dissolution. One of the daughters of a wealthy Drysalter, overpowered by the protestations of attachment and the personal charms of her brother's groom, had eloped with him. Calais was their place of refuge. Thither they were speedily followed by her brother, and the same steam-boat which conveyed him on his painful mission conveyed Munns on a speculating trip to Calais fair. Munns and the unfortunate brother had been slightly acquainted, and Munns took care to inform him, that his errand was as familiar to Munns as himself. Shortly after this announcement it produced the effect which it had been intended to do; the conversation assumed a confidential tone, and when the parties arrived at the Lion d' Or at Calais, the fainting maiden was transferred from the outstretched arms of one adorer, who was of the livery of her father, to those of David Munns, who was of the Livery of London; and who had agreed, for the trifling consideration of some ten thousand pounds, to sacrifice himself and the Stockbroker's damsel that this blot in the Drysalter's escutcheon might be erased for ever. "Every one take care of himself," quoth David Munns.

David Munns was now a man well to do in the world. His speculations on the Stock Exchange seldom turned out other than profitable ones; and, thanks to his ingenuity and to the unscrupulous readiness with which he availed himself of all the trickery and chicanery of the Alley, David Munns, Esquire, as he was now called, bade fair to become one of the warmest men in the city of London.

With Edward Stuart, affairs were however very different. Speculations in West India produce had ruined the house with which he was connected. His little property might have been withdrawn from the coming wreck, and the creditors would have had much difficulty in proving him a partner. But he spurned all such ideas. Not even the sight of his poor wife, gradually wasting with anxiety and sorrow for the loss of their Ellen, their only child, not even the consciousness that by his bankruptcy his little all would be snatched away from them "at one fell swoop," could prevent his acting upon the dictates of his conscience, and reducing himself to beggary. "Never mind, dearest," said he to his drooping wife, "all will yet be well. After all, Honesty is the best policy."

But day followed day, and the sun of prosperity shone not upon him. Grief and disappointment made sad inroads upon a constitution naturally delicate, and a few months saw him a widower, pale and poverty-struck, by the grave of his faithful and affectionate Ellen. This last and heaviest blow severed every tie which had bound him to the land of his birth, and he resolved to seek in foreign climes that peace which he felt he was not destined ever to taste again amid the scenes of his early life. He determined to emigrate; whither he cared not: so sacrificed his last few shillings to insert an advertisement in the "Times," stating his willingness to undertake the foreign agency of any mercantile house.

The only answer he received was one which required him to reside at Sierra Leone. But Sierra Leone had no terrors for a man who had nothing to endear this world to him, and who had ever acted upon the broad principles of truth and justice. The annual pittance offered in return for his services was but small; but, small as it was, he was fain to accept it, for he was starving. "I will take the salary," said he, "and earn it honestly, for honesty is the best policy." But he was destined not to receive even this small taste of better fortune. On the evening on which he had completed his agreement with his new employer, when returning home to his miserable lodgings in St. George's Fields, he was knocked down and run over by a cabriolet. The gentleman in the cabriolet, for it was a private one, no sooner saw the accident which his furious driving had occasioned, than, with more of prudence than of humanity, he applied the whip to the spirited animal he was driving, and was out of sight almost before the spectators had lent their assistance to pick up the unhappy sufferer. Edward was dreadfully bruised, but escaped without the fracture of a limb, and was after a little while enabled, by the assistance of a labouring man who was passing at the time, to reach his wretched home.

The injuries which he had received, proved however to be more severe than he had at first anticipated. They were internal, and, in

the course of a few days, he suffered such pain, and experienced so much difficulty in breathing, that, being unable to pay for medical advice, he determined to seek admission into one of the Borough hospitals. His pride had never been great, had never been other than an honest pride, than the pride which resulted from a sense of having done his duty; yet a sense of humiliation came over him, when he entered, as a pauper, the gates of that hospital, to which, in the days of his prosperity, he had cheerfully contributed his humble mite.

But fate was stern and not to be controlled. He sought admission, and was refused for want of a letter of recommendation from one of the governors. He requested to be shown a list of them: this was accordingly shown to him, and, among the managing committee for that year, appeared, in all the glory of large type, the name of his old schoolfellow, David Munns. He crawled as well as he was able to the office of his quondam acquaintance. His appearance betokened poverty, and he was allowed, by the spruce young clerk of Mr. David Munns's establishment, to stand for an hour in an outer passage, until the principal of the establishment was at leisure to receive him. At length he was admitted to the presence of the great man, and graciously requested by him to take a chair. Munns was little pleased to see him, for the acquaintance of a man who had not a shilling in the world was no longer desirable to Munns, who had that day been balancing his accounts, and found he could write himself master of a good eighty thousand pounds. But Munns could well afford to be polite, and his inquiries after the health of his visitor were in the blandest tone and terms possible. Stuart's answer was an explanation of the cause of his visit—his wish to procure an order for admission into the hospital, that he might get somewhat relieved, if possible, from the injuries which he had met with by an unfortunate accident; and thereupon he related the circumstances.

The narrative appeared to make a great impression upon his auditor; he turned over his papers, he blew his nose; again turned over his papers, and again applied his Bandanna to his olfactory organ, and inquired most anxiously whether Stuart recognised the party of whose carelessness he complained, and whether he should know the horse and cabriolet again if he saw them. The reply, which was in the negative, seemed to spread an inexplicable glow of satisfaction over the well-fed visage of the inquirer. His nervousness seemed suddenly to have left him, and David Munns felt greatly relieved, for during Stuart's narrative he had recollected—a recollection which he did not choose to impart to his poor friend—that, on the evening in question, he drove home as fast as his horse could gallop to his country seat, to attend a meeting of county magistrates at which he particularly wished to be present, it being the first since he had been created a deputy lieutenant; and, moreover, he remembered that near the Obelisk, the very scene of poor Stuart's misfortune, his cabriolet had come in contact with some poor devil or other, who certainly had no business in the road at the time. These recollections seemed, however, to make him more kind and condescending to his visitor, but not to make the visit less painful to himself.

He gave him a letter for the hospital with the greatest readiness, for it cost him nothing, and muttering some scarcely intelligible word about Stuart's wanting a few little necessities to make him comfortable in his new abode, the man of eighty thousand pounds laid a shilling upon the letter!

At this moment Munns's groom entered the room and said, "Sir, the phaeton is ready;" an announcement which afforded Munns an opportunity of saying—"Well, I must say good bye, Stuart, and I hope you will soon be better!" "Good bye, Sir," said Stuart, red with shame and vexation.

He pocketed the letter and his indignation, but not the shilling. That he presented to the pampered menial whose opportune announcement had prevented him from giving expression to the feelings of indignation which were rising in his bosom.

"Well," said Munns to himself, as he stepped into his well-built phaeton, and smiled complacently upon the highly groomed animals which snorted with impatience as he mounted; "well, every one take care of himself, say I. It's devilish lucky Stuart did not know me the other night. Every one take care of himself, say I. It's a pity Stuart does not adopt that motto; it would teach him to keep out of the road at least;" and, chuckling to himself at his poor and unfeeling witticism, he started for his sporting box in Surrey, and, as he crossed London Bridge, passed, without the slightest sign of recognition, his poor enfeebled acquaintance, Charles Stuart, who was creeping as well as he was able to the hospital; where he died in the course of a few weeks, a victim to the absurd and old-fashioned doctrine—"Honesty is the best policy."

MON LEGER BATEAU.

THEY told me on another shore,
In the city, to seek for bliss;
But nothing there could enchant me more
Than a village as poor as this.
Give me again my bark so true,
And let me float over the lake of blue:
Give me my bark and my yielding oar,
And my cottage upon the water's shore!

Under the purple and tinsel roof,
Nothing but care could I prove;
I had not scope for my mind enough,
Nor the charms of her I love.
Give me again, &c. &c.

I shall witness the sports on the fern once more,
And sorrow shall be forgot;
I shall gaze on the heavens that I adore,
And dwell in my father's cot.
Give me again, &c. &c.

AMABLE BOULANGER.

THE BARONESS.—A NOVEL.

BY PARISIANUS.

(Concluded from page 178.)

CHAPTER X.

THE EXPLANATION.

“To you, dear Clemence, alone,” said Eugenie, on the morning that followed the events related in the last chapter, “shall I now relate the motives that induced me to attempt the horrible crime from which a strange hand so happily saved me. You may then communicate my explanation to our venerable relative, and the Count de Montville: and if my conduct have been more than indiscreet, the welfare of the Baroness alone prompted me to lend an ear to the insidious wiles of the most ruthless and designing of men.”

Mademoiselle de Grandmanoir paused for a moment, while Clemence, in speechless impatience, awaited the communication her sister was about to confide to her.

“For the last six months, the manners of the Abbé Prud’homme”—’twas thus that Eugenie communicated her brief narrative—“have filled my mind with strange suspicions. Whenever he found himself alone with me, his conversation turned upon topics at variance with the presumed sanctity of his profession and his usual public deportment. At times I did not comprehend him—at others I affected not to do so; but I immediately avoided his society, and on every occasion endeavoured to make him understand that his behaviour was mysterious and disagreeable to me. At length M. de Moiroit visited the Chateau, about three weeks back—as you may recollect—and a few days afterwards the priest at once threw off the mask he had hitherto worn, and, with the most unblushing effrontery, declared his passion, in terms I could no longer pretend to misinterpret. You may readily conceive the resentment that filled my breast, Clemence—the indignation that seized upon me, when the wretch thus insulted the grand-daughter of her who had been his benefactor in the hour of his poverty and distress. But he knew full well how to put a seal upon my lips; and a few words that he uttered in my ears filled my soul with sorrow, and made me deeply—O God! how deeply—regret the circumstances that obliged me to conceal the villany of him, who, under the garment of holiness and sanctity, had a heart capable of every crime.

“‘Ah!’ said the wily priest, ‘I see that my candour—my frankness is offensive. ’Tis well—but know, stubborn beauty’—these were his very words—‘that I may haply compel thee to act more courteously to one who is too intimately connected with the fortunes of the Baroness of Grandmanoir to be regarded as a creature without importance. De Moiroit’—added the priest—‘is my friend, and

will be led by my counsel. De Moirot, in one month, will take possession of these estates—banish your aged relative and yourselves penniless from the mansion—and close the gates of your forefathers for ever against their posterity. Or this same de Moirot—on the other hand—will grant time for the payment of the frightful mortgage that thus embarrasses the Baroness; according to my suggestions. Circumstances have put me in possession of these and other strange facts connected with your family—my letters to de Moirot have compelled *him* to act as my friend—do not *you*, then, make me your enemy.’ And with these words—words that involved me in a horrible state of uncertainty and suspense—the priest left me to ruminate on his black designs. This scene took place on the day immediately after the one on which you remember, Clemence, that de Montville abruptly left us in the garden, and sought an interview with the Abbé in the grove.

“Conceive the state of my mind! I dared not communicate my suspicions, and the conduct of the priest—not even to you, dear sister—although from infancy our thoughts, our fears, our joys, and our woes, were reciprocally told and shared. A species of indecision—an uncertainty how to act—a nervousness—an anxiety that I could not conquer, and cannot define, destroyed my happiness; and in order to avoid interrogation, I was nevertheless necessitated to assume a cheerful countenance.

“It appears that de Monteville suspected the Abbé’s design—for the priest, on one occasion, questioned me whether the Count had ever spoken to me concerning a letter which he—the Abbé—had inadvertently dropped, and which he had intended to have slipped into my hands. The contents of that letter merely contained some professions of regard and affection, which the wretch had had the audacity to pen.

“On every occasion did the Abbé torment me with similar protestations and avowals of a love which I loathed and detested. At one time he was fawning and timid—at another, passionate, full of menaces, dark and mysterious in his manners, muttering strange threats, and then attempting to justify his unholy attachment. Then, again—would he urge me to save the fortune and the happiness of my revered relation, by consenting to accompany him to England, and there become his wife. Two alternatives were before me—either to wed a being whose very presence is revolting—or to see de Moirot, at his instigation, enter into possession of that property, the loss of which would reduce us all to a state of penury, and bring down the gray hairs of the Baroness with sorrow to the grave!

“Last evening—for I will not particularize, dear Clemence, the agonies, the persecutions, and the anxiety I endured each successive day during the past fortnight—last evening, the priest demanded an interview in the grove, and spoke in so imperious a tone of voice, that I saw refusal was useless. I accordingly acceded to the request—or rather, command—and accompanied the Abbé to the place he had named.

“‘A few days,’ said he, after a long pause, ‘have only now to elapse, and de Moirot will be here. This is the last time, Eugénie,’

continued the vile priest, 'that I shall address you upon the subject. Consent to become my wife in a country where no law imposes restrictions upon individuals of my profession; and I swear—by the Almighty Judge who now hears us—that the lands of Grandmanoir shall not depart from the Baroness, whom you respect and revere. Ponder on the noble sacrifice—if sacrifice it be—you will thus make; or, on the other hand, consider yourself as the cause of the downfall of one of the oldest families of France!'

"It was in vain that I pleaded my cause, Clemence, with that energy which the circumstance naturally occasioned: all the eloquence which agony and distress bade flow from my tongue, was but fruitlessly employed in appeals for mercy to that monster in a human shape. Oh! when, at the great and general day of judgment, he shall stand before the throne of his Judge, and implore, with tears as profuse, and with sighs as bitter, as those he then wrung from me, Clemence—may he receive that respite, and experience that leniency, he refused to me!"

Eugenie ceased for a moment—her pale countenance was animated with a sudden glow—a heavenly light of Christian piety fired her eye—and if ever lovely woman resembled those holy beings that stand around the throne of their Redeemer, then might the experienced limner have transferred as an angel to his canvass the counterpart of Eugenie de Grandmanoir, as she reclined upon the sofa, with Clemence seated at her feet. The sisters gazed at each other for a few moments without uttering a word, and then, by a simultaneous impulse, threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept freely on each other's bosoms. At length their emotions gradually subsided into calmness; and, Clemence having resumed her seat, Eugenie thus concluded her woeful tale:—

"It is useless to reiterate all that I said to endeavour to turn the priest from his purpose. To every appeal I frantically made to that iron heart, the wretch coolly replied—'Consent to our union, as the only condition of safety for the Baroness!' What was I to do? Could I see that venerable relative exiled from her home at her advanced age? Could I behold my Clemence driven from that mansion where she had passed so many happy days? Oh! no—the thought was maddening—but there was no alternative—I accordingly collected the remnants of my scattered courage, and in as firm a tone of voice as I could command, said to the priest—'If you be decided, I must consent to accompany you to England.'

"'Tis well,' said he. 'At six o'clock to-morrow morning, meet me at this very place—and I will take such measures that our flight shall be unperceived.'

"I reiterated my promise with a species of resigned fortitude, the extent of which now astonishes me when I think of it; but in a few moments that feeling gave way, and was succeeded by one of the most gloomy and terrible despondency—or rather, despair! We retraced our steps towards the Chateau—we parted at the commencement of the two avenues—for the priest had desired me to enter the house by the back gate. It was at that moment that all the horrors of my situation were present in most dismal colours to

my mind. I saw the outline of the vast building in the twilight—and felt a presentiment, that if I once quitted it, I should never behold it more. I turned to the right—our favourite gardens, Clemence, greeted my sight; I turned to the left—and there the flowers, that I myself had reared, watched, and brought to perfection, appeared to fill my soul with dismal forebodings. In fine, my brain whirled—my mind was worked up to a pitch of desperation that made death welcome in any shape—I felt that if I ceased to exist, all obstacle would be removed to the settlement of the affairs of the Baroness, through the influence of the priest—and, in a state only to be envied by an individual about to suffer the tortures of the Inquisition—the rack—the wheel—or the ‘drop of water,’—I retraced my steps towards the grove, and instinctively sought the banks of the canal. For one moment I hesitated, and lifted my eyes to heaven, as if I expected some guardian angel to descend and snatch me from a world of misery and woe; but the moon rolled on her tranquil way, and appeared, by her playful beams, to render the very stream itself inviting to a wretch whose existence was a burden to her. Those stilly waters, lighted by the silvery rays of the deity of the night, seemed almost to consecrate the suicide’s grave. Suddenly the sound of an approaching carriage fell upon my ears—I listened for one moment—it drew nearer—more near—deliberation was at an end—a momentary feeling of delight, to think how noble was the sacrifice I was about to make at so tender an age, for the sake of my relations, came across me—I sprung from the bank, and was immediately immersed in the depths of the canal. The waters rang in my ears—a suffocating sensation seized upon me—I rose to the surface—and at that instant—for it was only a momentary thought—I would have given worlds—millions and millions, had I possessed them—to be saved. Oh! the agony of that one single moment’s thought! Never—never can it be eradicated from my memory—never will it cease to haunt me like a hideous spectre—a perpetual night-mare—a phantom of whose presence imagination may not divest itself. Years of penury—want—indigence—starvation—were preferable to the endurance of that one moment of thought: ages of persecution—imprisonment—sickness—peril—and pain had better be endured than the agony of that single idea!”

“Eugenie—dear Eugenie!” exclaimed Clemence, once more flinging herself into her sister’s arms; “cease this despairing—this frightful language. You alarm me!”

“Think not of it, then, Clemence,” returned Eugenie hastily. “But I—Oh! never—never may I forget that moment!”

“Time, dear sister—” began Clemence, about to use a trite argument as a means of consolation.

“Let us not dwell upon the subject,” interrupted Eugenie. “The remainder of my tale is already known to you. A stranger rescued me from a watery grave—and that stranger is the heir to the territories of Grandmanoir, in case of the inability of the Baroness to meet his claims. The priest has disappeared—and nought but ruin and misery appear to await us.”

MARCH, 1838.

X

"De Montville is still here," suggested Clemence, timidly ; "and he has come to befriend us."

"Ah !" said Eugenie, with a withering smile of sorrow : "but all the wealth he can command will not repay to the heir of the late de Moiro, that which is due. Our destinies are now within the range of prophecy."

Clemence was about to reply, when a carriage drew hastily up to the principal entrance of the Chateau. She flew to the window of the apartment opposite the one in which she and her sister were seated, and, with a beating heart, perceived M. de Moiro, the notary, descend the steps of the vehicle.

"He will now encounter his brother, whom he believes to have ceased to exist ;" cried Clemence, clasping her hands together, and precipitately retracing her steps to Eugenie's chamber.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

IN the meantime—while Eugenie and Clemence were occupied, as detailed in the preceding chapter—the reception-room of the Baroness was the scene of a not less interesting debate. At the head of the long mahogany table, as if she were destined to be the proprietor of the lands of Grandmanoir till the hour of her death, was seated the venerable heroine of this narrative ; at her right hand was the Count de Montville ; on her left, was Alfred de Moiro, *alias* Paul Sans-gêne ; and on the table itself were divers papers, the corners of which were stamped with the *timbre royal* of France.

"M. de Moiro," said the Baroness, pushing aside one of the deeds just alluded to—"we cannot, for one moment, doubt the genuineness of these documents. The will of your late father was too clearly drawn up to admit of doubt or question, even were I disposed to dispute its conditions. He held an extensive mortgage over these lands—he left his business to his elder son—he assigned the estates of Grandmanoir to the younger, in case of the non-payment of the sums due. *You* are the individual to whom the second charge in his will so especially relates—I am unable to liquidate your claim—to-morrow—for delay is useless—shall you enter into the possession of that which is your own."

"I do not, for one moment, intend to quarrel with the terms in which you have expressed yourself, my Lady," said Sans-gêne, nodding facetiously to the Baroness, and giving the Count a violent kick under the table at the same time ; "but—" continued he—"I must beg to contradict the latter part of your statement, although you talk like a printed book or a deputy with a sinecure-place."

"Jesting, Sir," interrupted de Montville, "in such a case, is but an aggravation on the part of the son, of that injury which was inflicted by the vil'any of the father."

"As I do not very well recollect my deceased parent," replied Sans-gêne, or de Moiro, coolly, "I do not pretend to justify his character. I dare say he was a terrible rogue, if you say so ; but

that has nothing to do with what I was about to observe. I have already had the supreme felicity of assuring you, that till a day or two ago I fancied myself the son of a quiet and easy gentleman, happily designated as Monsieur Paul Ménard. But, amongst the papers of that individual—papers, which, as I also informed you, had been deposited in the hands of his banker—was found one which disclosed a terrible conspiracy; a second, establishing my identity as Alfred de Moiroi; a third, containing extracts from my real father's will; and a fourth, which demonstrated, in the most unequivocal style in the world, the right I have to this territory."

"Wherefore this recapitulation, *monsieur*?" demanded Lord de Montville, angrily.

"To enhance the value of the sacrifice I am about to make, my Lord," answered Sans-gêne, with a smile.

"Ah!" said the Baroness, starting on her chair.

"I dare swear," continued Alfred de Moiroi, slowly, "that you think me to be a merciless creditor, who is glad to embarrass his unfortunate debtor. No—no—" added he, in a more serious tone than he had yet adopted—"I have just married a lady who has quite enough to suit my present purposes—I have a small store of mine own—wealth and brilliant prospects are in the perspective of my years—and shall I, then, diminish my present felicity by an act that will render others miserable? May your ladyship long retain the lands of Grandmanoir—may the Count de Montville deign to approve of my conduct—and any arrangement that your ladyship shall propose to my solicitors, will be cordially approved of by me."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the Count, rising from his chair; and proffering his hand across the table to the benefactor of his venerable friend.

"It is a dream!" said the Baroness, almost sinking beneath the weight of such unprecedented and unexpected generosity.

At that moment, a carriage drove up to the principal gate of the Chateau.

"This is your brother," said the Count de Montville, after a pause, during which he had hastened to the window and observed the person that descended from the vehicle.

"The villain!" exclaimed Alfred de Moiroi, with unfeigned indignation. "Let him approach!"

Before the Baroness and de Montville had time to request an explanation of this extraordinary behaviour, the notary entered the room, and was immediately confronted by the individual who had so earnestly desired an interview with him.

"Your business?" enquired Alfred, laconically. "Your name is already known," he added, with a sneer.

"My business is not with *you*, Sir," replied the notary, a disdainful smile curling his lip, "but with her ladyship of Grandmanoir."

"You err, Sir," continued Alfred. "It is with me that you have now to converse, relative to these possessions."

"Have I, then, the honour of speaking to your ladyship's legal adviser?" said the astonished notary, turning towards the venerable

dame, who, together with de Montville, remained a silent spectator of the scene that was being enacted before them.

"No, Sir—I am no lawyer, thank God!" exclaimed Alfred, with a bitterness and irony that struck the notary with awe. "I am an injured person, Sir," continued he, in the same tone, "whom an elder brother consigned to the care of an individual at a tender age, in order to remove a barrier between himself and a vast property. That individual, succumbing to the temptations which my brother held out, and anxious to re-establish his fallen fortunes by any means that might present themselves, too greedily swallowed the inviting bait, and brought me up in ignorance of my family and name. To be brief—that individual was Paul Ménard—and you are the elder brother, whose villany was not even arrested by the ties of blood, of affection, and of duty."

The notary sank upon a chair, gazed wildly at that brother whom he had never wished to encounter more, and in whose presence he so singularly and unexpectedly found himself: Alfred de Moirot crossed his arms on his breast, and returned the timid glance of the notary with one of scorn, indignation, and reproach. The Baroness and de Montville exchanged looks of mingled satisfaction and anxiety.

"Wretch!" exclaimed Alfred, after a long pause: "when the author of my being resigned his breath to that Almighty Power, who, at this very moment, is recording your crimes, did he not equitably divide his property between us, and entrust the care of his younger son to you? Did he not imagine, when stretched on that couch whence he never rose, save as a lifeless corse, that my infant years would find a second father in yourself? And how have you fulfilled the task? How has your duty been accomplished? Oh! at the moment when I find a relation—the only one I ever yet knew—I am obliged to withhold my hand from his grasp, retreat to a distance to avoid contamination, and look upon him as I would upon my bitterest enemy!"

"Alfred—Oh! Alfred!" cried the notary; "I know that I have deeply injured you!" And the brothers wept in concert; but the manners and deportment of the younger showed too clearly, that reconciliation was impossible. Even where the closest ties of consanguinity connect two individuals, may the sense of deadly injuries hush the whisperings of all Nature's kindest feelings, stop the promptings of tenderness and love, and establish hatred on that throne where nought but affection and bounty should be seen.

But the day, on which the above-mentioned events took place, appeared to be big with others of equal import to the interests of Gandmanoir. While the notary and his injured brother were still absorbed in tears, the door of the apartment was thrown open, and a powdered lacquey announced the "Chevalier d'Altamont, and the Abbé Prud'homme." The Baroness started, as they entered the room—and, casting one single glance upon the features of the Chevalier, she fainted in the arms of the Count de Montville, who hastened to her assistance.

The Chevalier wiped away a tear from his eyes, and drawing a small portfolio from his bosom, proceeded to distribute its contents upon the table, without apparently noticing the condition of the notary and his brother.

"There," he said, at length, "is the ransom for the estates of Grandmanoir:" and he pointed to the piles of bank-notes he had spread upon the table before him.

"It is not to me," exclaimed the notary, in reply to a glance which the old Chevalier cast at him, "that you must address yourself in this matter. There is the rightful owner of the wealth you have now displayed."

De Moiroi pointed towards his brother, and rushed hastily out of the room.

"Do you not follow your friend?" enquired de Montville, addressing himself in an ironical tone to the priest, who held down his head and made no answer.

"Nay—spare him, young man," exclaimed the venerable Chevalier; "for if he have deeply sinned, he has also expressed his sincere penitence."

De Montville bowed, and remained silent. The Baroness was now recovered from her swoon by the speedy assistance of her female domestics; and her eyes immediately fell upon the awe-inspiring countenance of d'Altamont. A momentary hesitation on the part of that individual might have been observed by the Count; but it was speedily forgotten—and a long and fervent embrace conveyed conviction to the minds of all present, that the lost Lord of Grandmanoir held the Baroness in his arms.

But little remains for us now to say. Indeed—

"We do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot figure to himself"

that the Count de Montville received the sanction of the Baron and Baroness of Grandmanoir to his union with the beautiful Clemence—that the nuptials were celebrated in a style of grandeur which recalled to the minds of the numerous guests present at the ceremony, the ancient feudal splendours which tradition attributed to the household of the lords of Grandmanoir—and that Alfred de Moiroi made himself an universal favourite on the occasion. That facetious young gentleman had been prevailed upon to receive the sums amassed by the Baron in other climes; and the estates were thus entirely disencumbered from the heavy mortgage which had lately threatened their alienation from the family that had so long possessed them.

The Abbé Prud'homme, shortly after the marriage of Clemence, retired to the convent of La Trappe, and soon accustomed himself to hear and repeat, without a thrill of horror, the words that form the only greeting offered by one member of that community to another—"Brother, we must die!"

Eugenie de Grandmanoir never recovered the shock her frame

and mind had experienced by the dismal event narrated at the end of the ninth chapter : she succumbed beneath the influence of a deep melancholy, that seized upon her ; and, in her last moments, confessed that there was still a secret which she had left unrevealed to her sister. What that mystery might be, none ever knew : the young heart of that fair girl cherished a sentiment, or a reminiscence, whose nature she tenaciously refused to impart to a single soul that attended upon her in the last hours of her life. And with her that secret died ; and she was thus cut off in the bloom of her years ; and those she has left behind her still scatter flowers over her tomb !

The elder de Moirot took an active part in the Revolution of 1830 ; and when the rash monarch issued his fatal ordinances from the Palace of St. Cloud—when, in one dread moment, he sought to abridge the liberties of the greatest of nations—de Moirot was amongst the first to take up arms in favour of tyranny and despotism. He fell beneath the hand of one of the heroes of July, and his vast property was devoted to the building of a hospital in a provincial town of France.

Alfred de Moirot purchased a house in the neighbourhood of Amiens, and was a frequent visitor at the Chateau of Grandmanoir, as well as at the abode of the Count and Countess de Montville. We have also ascertained, that a certain M. Delville was a constant guest at Alfred de Moirot's residence.

G. W. M. R.

SONG OF THE CIRCASSIAN SLAVE.

SADLY reclining,
 Circassia's daughter
 In an arbour was mourning her fate ;—
 The tear-drops, shining,
 Bedew'd with water
 Cheeks that were blooming so lovely of late.
 Swift as a fountain
 Glides from the mountain,
 The crystal bright dims each orb of light ;—
 Sweetly reposing,
 Those eye-lids, closing,
 Shall find relief in the slumbers of night.

Through the grove ringing,
 Melody making,
 Telling a tale of love to his Rose,
 Shrillily singing,
 On the night breaking,
 The Bulbul's note soothes the maiden's repose.
 Visions are smiling,
 Dreams are beguiling,
 Lulling to rest the woes of her breast ;—
 Gaily appearing,
 Happy and cheering,
 They chase from her heart the griefs that oppress.

MR. S. T. COLERIDGE, DR. R. SOUTHEY, AND
MR. PROFESSOR PORSON.

[No. II.—Continued from Magazine for Feb. 1838.]

THE Editor of the *Morning Post* has christened this “*the Diabolical Controversy* ;” but as Mr. Combes, the author of *Dr. Syntax’s Tours*, is no more, we must not expect a “*Diaboliad*” on the occasion. As the subject appears to excite much interest, as might be expected where such a triumvirate as *Coleridge*, *Porson*, and *Southey*, are concerned with a *tripartite* division of merits, *genius*, *taste*, and *learning*, we have, by and with the consent of our privy council, determined to grant to all the parties a full and fair hearing, and in default of their personal appearance at our bar, to act the parts of accuser, advocate, judge, and jury, and to pass sentence according to our views of the evidence, but with every disposition to *re-hear* the case on the production of good evidence before our honourable court. From Mr. S. T. Coleridge’s *Letter* to H. W. Montagu, published in our last No., our readers have learned that the poem in question was first published by Mr. Coleridge in the *Morning Post*, when Mr. Daniel Stuart was the editor ; and it was desirable to see the *original* form in which the poem appeared. But unfortunately the British Museum has an imperfect set of the *Morning Post* ; we therefore applied to the present editor of that periodical, who with great courtesy gave directions to have the volumes, in which we wanted to search, cleansed from that rich *πῖλος* of dust and cobweb, which unused books contract in the sleep of ages, and in the bosom of the metropolis, but, more unfortunately still, the volumes in question form no part of the official collection, and thus we are unable to gratify our readers, and satisfy the justice of the case. We will observe chronological order as much as we can.

In 1817, Mr. Coleridge published with his name, “*Sibylline Leaves,—a Collection of Poems*,” and at p. 46, commence “*Poems occasioned by Political Events or Feelings connected with them* ;” among these is one entitled, “*Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, a War-Eclogue, with an Apologetic Preface*.” In this “*Preface*” are these words :—

“If it be asked why I re-published it at all ? I answer, that the Poem had been attributed, at different times, to different other persons, and what I dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honourable not to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two poems,—the one entitled, *The Devil’s Thoughts*, and the other, *The Two Round Spaces on the Tomb-Stone*, but that the *four first* stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the *best* stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend of deserved celebrity, and because there are passages in both, which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions and absurd conceptions, that deform the pure faith of a

Christian, should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it wear a monk's cowl on its head, and I would rather reason with this weakness than offend it."

Coleridge entitled the poem the *Devil's Thoughts*; when it first acquired the title of *Walk*, we know not. It will be observed that the portion here assigned to Southey is the *four first stanzas*, and the *best* of the remainder; in subsequent notices Mr. Coleridge speaks only of the *three first*, the one on the *Cold-Bath-Fields Prison*, and the *sixteenth*: how are we to reconcile the contradiction? By supposing that in the poem as it *then* stood, *but which Coleridge does not produce*, the *four first stanzas*, including the one on the *Scotchman*, were really written by Southey, but that in the editions of the poem, which were afterwards published by Coleridge, only the *three first stanzas* belong to Southey, that on the *Scotchman*, as indecent, being omitted.

In the edition of Coleridge's Poems, published in 1829, the poem in question consists of *ten stanzas*, of which the *three first* and the *ninth* are allotted to Southey; and in the edition of 1834, we have *seventeen stanzas*, of which only the *three first*, the *ninth*, and *sixteenth*, are affiliated to Southey.

We have collated these *two* editions, and we shall lay the result before our readers, with Coleridge's own notes; the stanzas, which belong to Southey, we have inclosed in brackets, and we beg attention to the *seventeen stanzas* as the *true text* and the *real poem*, which has recently suffered much mutilation and butchery at the hands of Southey, and has lost its original brightness amidst the meretricious glare, which he has in evil hour, and bad taste, and ill-humour, shed around it, extending it to *fifty-seven stanzas*.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS, 1834.

[From his brimstone bed at break of day

A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm the earth, (1)
And see how his stock goes on.] (2)

[Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he switched (3) his long tail,
As a gentleman switches (4) his cane.]

[And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best;
His jacket was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.]

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dung-hill hard by his own stable; (5)
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

(1) *Edit.* 1829. "little snug farm of the earth."

(2) "went on."

(3) "swished."

(4) "swishes."

(5) "Dung-heap beside his stable."

He saw an apothecary on a white horse (1)

Ride by on his vocations ;

And the Devil thought of his old friend

Death in the "Revelations."

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,

A cottage of gentility ;

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin

Is pride that apes humility.

He peep'd into (2) a rich bookseller's shop,

Quoth he, "We are both of one college !

"For I sate myself, (3) like a cormorant, once

"Hard by (4) the tree of knowledge."*

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide, (5)

A pig with vast celerity ;

And the Devil look'd wise as he saw him the while,

It cut its own throat ; "There !" quoth he with a smile,

"Goes England's commercial prosperity."

[As he went through Cold-Bath-Fields he saw

A solitary cell ;

And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint

For improving his prisons in Hell.]

He saw a turnkey in a trice

Fetter a troublesome blade ;

"Nimble," quoth he, "do the fingers move,

"If a man be but used to his trade."

He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man

With but little expedition,

Which put him in mind of the long debate

On the Slave-trade abolition.

(1) *Edit.* 1829. "A Potheary on a white horse."

(2) "He went into."

(3) "For I myself sate."

(4) "Fast by."

(5) "Down the river there plied—with wind and tide"

"England's commercial prosperity"—is the only part in this stanza between inverted commas.

* "And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming, ambrosial fruit,
Of vegetable gold, (*query paper-money,*) and next to life
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by.—

* * * *

So clomb this first grand thief—
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant."

Par. Lost. IV.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of various readings obtained from collating the MSS., one might expect to find it noted, that for "life" *Codd.* *quidam habent*, "trade." Though indeed the trade, i. e. the bibliopolic, so called *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, may be regarded as life *sensu eminentiori* ; a suggestion, which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner-parties, country-houses, &c., of the trade, exclaimed, "Ay! that's what I call life now!"—This "life and death," is thus happily contrasted with the fruits of authorship.—*Sic nos non nobis mellificamus apes.*

He saw an old acquaintance,
 As he pass'd by a Methodist-meeting ;
 She holds a consecrated key,
 And the Devil nods her a greeting.

She turned up her nose, and said,
 "Avaunt ! my name's Religion,"
 And she looked to Mr. ———*
 And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

He saw a certain minister
 (A minister to his mind),
 Go up into a certain House,
 With a majority behind ;

The Devil quoted "Genesis,"
 Like a very learned clerk,
 How "Noah and his creeping things
 Went up into the Ark."

[He took from the poor,
 And he gave to the rich,
 And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
 For he was not afraid of the ———]
 * * * * *

General ———'s burning face
 He saw with consternation,
 And back to hell his way did he take,
 For the Devil thought by a slight mistake
 It was general conflagration.

* [A celebrated preacher at Cambridge, lately deceased, whom his brother Etonian Porson once characterized as first a coxcomb in manners at Eton, and then a coxcomb in divinity at Cambridge.]

Of this poem, which, with the "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," first appeared in the *Morning Post*, the *first, second, third, ninth, and sixteenth* stanzas were dictated by Mr. Southey.—See "Apologetic Preface," vol. i.

"The *first three stanzas* of the former, (*Devil's Thoughts*), which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the *best stanza* of the remainder, were," &c. as in edit. 1829.

If any one should ask who General ——— meant, the author begs leave to inform him that he did once see a red-faced person in a dream, whom, by the dress, he took for a general ; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any name mentioned. In simple verity, the author never meant any one, or indeed any thing, but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel.

Edit. 1829. "The *three first stanzas*, which are worth all the rest, and the *ninth*, were dictated by Mr. Southey."—See, &c. "Between the *ninth* and concluding stanza, two or three are omitted, as grounded on subjects that have lost their interest—and for better reasons."

PORTRAITS FROM THE PEERAGE:

LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND DOMESTIC.

BY THOMAS HARRAL.

LORD MELBOURNE, AND LORD DURHAM.

*Virtute et Fide.
Le Jour viendra.*

It may perhaps be asked why the Viscount Melbourne and the Earl of Durham should be classed together, as though they were regarded in such conjoint state as worthy of occupying only a single pedestal. Be assured that no disrespect is intended to either. They are both of them men of note in their way; they were both, in some measure, born to greatness; and, to a yet greater extent, both of them have had greatness thrust upon them. Moreover, these noblemen are, at the present time, from their elevated stations in the political world, and from circumstances of the moment, objects of especial attention and interest amongst Her Majesty's liege subjects. By uniting them, therefore, *pro tempore*, in our gallery of portraits—and, probably it is *pro tempore* only, that they are likely to be united in any other way—we hope to excite the notice, and in some degree to gratify the curiosity, of the reader.

We shall commence, then, with the noble Viscount; not from precedence in the Peerage, but from his seniority in years, and from his happening to fill at this time the high and important office of Premier of Britain.

The Right Hon. William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne—Baron Melbourne, of Kilmore, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet—is not descended from an ancient or from an eminently distinguished family. Matthew Lamb, nephew and heir of Penistone Lamb, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, was created a Baronet in the year 1755. He married Charlotte, daughter of the Right Hon. Thomas Cope, of Melbourne, in the county of Derby (Teller of the Exchequer, and Vice Chamberlain to Queen Anne), and eventually heiress of her brother, George Lewis Cope. Sir Matthew Lamb died in 1768, and was succeeded by his only son, Sir Penistone, who, in the following year, married Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., of Halnaby, in the county of York. By that lady he had four sons and a daughter: Penistone, who died unmarried, in 1805; William, the present Lord Melbourne; Sir Frederick James Lamb, K. C. B., some years ago Envoy-Extraordinary, and Minister-Plenipotentiary, at the Court of Madrid; George, M. P., who married, in 1809, Caroline Rosalie St. Jules, and died early in the year 1834, Under Secretary

of State for the Home Department;* and Emily Mary, married to Earl Cowper.

Sir Penistone Lamb was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland in 1770, as Lord Melbourne, Baron of Kilmore, in the county of Cavan; and advanced to the higher dignity of Viscount Melbourne in 1781. His Lordship was enrolled amongst the Peers of the United Kingdom in 1815, as Baron Melbourne of Melbourne, in the county of Derby. This nobleman had the honour of being Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to his Majesty, George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales. Dying in July 1828, he was succeeded by his eldest son, the present Peer.

Such is the brief genealogical history of Lord Melbourne's descent. His Lordship was born on the 15th of March, 1779; consequently, on the 15th of the current month, he will have completed his 59th year; somewhat of an "elderly gentleman" to be dancing in constant attendance on the footsteps of a youthful Queen. With reference to his incessant dining at the Palace, it has been jocosely said, that house-Lamb is a delicacy always to be found at the Royal table. However, his Lordship generally has another "elderly gentleman," Lord Palmerston, to keep him in countenance.

Lord Melbourne, we believe, received the early part of his education at Eton, where, with his brothers, he was under the immediate care of the late Rev. Dr. Langford. Subsequently, he finished at Cambridge. His Lordship married, in 1805, the Lady Caroline, the third child, and only daughter of Frederick, third Earl of Besborough. When married, Lady Caroline had not completed her twentieth year. In her youth she had acquired, to a high degree, every female accomplishment, under the eye of her mother, her grandmother, the Countess Dowager Spenser, and her aunt, the Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Caroline Lamb was conspicuous, not only for her elegance, in the circles of high life, but also as a woman of brilliant and extraordinary genius. The earlier years of Lord Melbourne's married life were probably the happiest years his Lordship ever passed. Of congenial literary tastes, with elegant and highly-cultivated minds, the union of these two young persons is known to have been most felicitous. Alas, that there should never be a paradise without a serpent! To what cause the subsequent domestic misery of this pair might be traced, we know not. It is possible that Lady Caroline, like many other women of genius and lofty aspiration, might have been of too excitable a temperament. They who have read that fasciculus of libels upon human nature, misnamed the *Life of Lord Byron*, by his friend Tommy Moore (preserve us from such friends!), will have read something to the prejudice of Lady Caroline Lamb, and much, very

* The Hon. George Lamb, after having been educated with his brothers, was entered of Lincoln's Inn, and called to the Bar. For a short time, he went the Northern Circuit, but soon ceased to practise, partly on account of ill-health, and devoted his attention principally to literature. He was one of the most active members of the committee of management of Drury Lane Theatre, when the late Earl of Essex, Lord Byron, and the Hon. Douglas Kiinnaird, were his associates. He published some minor poems, and an elaborate translation of Catullus.

much to the disgrace of the deceased noble but profligate bard. This we have reason to know:—that no moral imputation ever justly rested upon the character of Lady Caroline; her's was the error of the imagination, not the guilt of the heart. That for years she laboured under the most distressing aberration of intellect, is a fact only too certain. For some time previously to her Ladyship's death, which occurred early in the year 1828, when reason may be supposed to have resumed her throne, at the expense of physical power, she is known to have ever expressed herself in terms of the fondest affection for her rightful lord, and to have as unceasingly acknowledged his unremitting kindness and attention towards her. Indeed, of the kindness of Lord Melbourne's heart, no one living is likely to entertain a doubt. The offspring of this marriage was, we believe, an only son, George Augustus Frederick, born in 1807. This unfortunate young nobleman died in a lamentable state of mental imbecility a year or two since.

When the writer of this sketch, some three or four years ago, had the honour of visiting Lord Melbourne's noble and interesting mansion of Bocket Hall, near Hatfield, he was much impressed with the circumstance, that, not in any one of the rooms that were open to public view, was the slightest vestige to be discovered that such a person as Lady Caroline Lamb had ever existed! The poor of the neighbourhood, however, were warm and grateful in their remembrance of her Ladyship's extensive and universal benevolence.*

Minutely to trace the parliamentary and political career of Lord Melbourne, would be at once tedious and unprofitable. His Lordship's

* Bocket Hall derives its name from the Bocket family, by which it was long held. Sir John Bocket was a respectable Spanish merchant, and more than once M. P. for the city of Oxford. Over two doors to the right and left, in the entrance of the mansion, are still preserved portraits of Sir John and Lady Bocket, by the celebrated Sir Anthony More, history and portrait-painter to Philip the Second of Spain, who was in England during the reign of Queen Mary. From the family of Bocket, the estate passed into that of Reade, on the marriage of Thomas Reade, of Barton in Berkshire, with Mary, the fifth daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bocket. From one of his descendants, it was purchased by Mathew Lamb, Esq., grandfather of the present noble owner. The present structure is of fine red-brick, of a plain, rather than of an ornamental character in its exterior, and is situated in a beautiful park of between six and seven hundred acres, on the North-east bank of the river Lea. It was begun by Sir Mathew Lamb, from the designs of Payne, on the site of the ancient manor house. Amongst the numerous fine timber and other trees, are two ancient oaks; and under one of them, tradition relates that the Princess Elizabeth (a frequent visitor here during her residence at Hatfield House) was sitting when the death of Queen Mary was announced to her by the Earl of Pembroke—Lord Clinton, the Lord High Admiral—the Earl of Arundel, Lord Chamberlain,—and many other noble personages. The ball-room at Bocket Hall is one of the finest-proportioned, and one of the most splendid rooms in our recollection; and the costly and tasteful style of its furniture and decorations is such as to impart to the *tout-ensemble* the most magnificent and imposing effect. The apartment is fifty-eight feet in height, twenty-seven in width, and twenty-seven in height. The hangings of the walls, the window-curtains, sofa and chair-covers, &c., are all of rich satin, flowered, green and white, on a crimson ground. In these costly decorations a thousand yards of satin, at a guinea a yard, were employed. In this room are five splendid mirrors, which cost £500 each. In the Dairy of Bocket Hall, are various specimens of china and delf bowls, dishes, plates, &c., of from a hundred, to a hundred and fifty, or two hundred years old.

first official appointment of consequence, was that of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, about ten or twelve years ago. On the formation of the Grey Reform Ministry, subsequently to the death of King George the Fourth, he was appointed his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State for the Home Department. In the summer of 1834, he was elevated to the yet higher, more distinguished, and more responsible station of Premier of England. His occupation of that post was then of brief duration; as it will be remembered that, towards the close of the same year, the Melbourne Ministry was very unceremoniously, and somewhat prematurely as the result proved, thrust out of office by his late Majesty, William the Fourth. From the prematurity of the act, Sir Robert Peel was unable to sustain himself in the Premiership to which he had been suddenly called; and Lord Melbourne, in consequence, re-assumed the reins of power. On the demise of the late king, and the accession of Queen Victoria, her majesty was graciously pleased to continue him and his colleagues in office; a position which, however, it may with more propriety and truth be said, they hold in sufferance from the Conservative party. Ever since the accession of their royal mistress,—but more especially from the commencement of the present session of Parliament,—most pertinaciously have they clung to place and power; and most artful have been the means to which they have resorted, to insure the success of their aims. Succumbing to the radical section in the House of Commons, they have meanly consented to throw most of their own leading measures overboard, and thus to compel the Conservatives to support them. Under such circumstances, in fact, it was utterly impossible for the Conservatives, without the grossest dereliction of duty to their queen and country, to do otherwise than they have done, in supporting the men to whom, in principle, they are directly opposed. Were the Conservatives, as a body, actuated by the same mean, selfish, and factious motives, that the conduct of the Whigs, as well as of the Radicals, has long been distinguished by, the Melbourne Administration must long since have ceased to exist.

With respect to the Canada Question, however, which has for some time been a theme of absorbing interest amongst all classes, we are bound to acknowledge, that, howsoever remiss Ministers may have been in their former conduct, now, when awakened to a true sense of their danger, they have stood nobly forward. The candour, the manliness, the determination, with which Lord Melbourne has met the case, cannot be too warmly praised.

We have ever considered Lord Melbourne to have been better suited by nature for the pursuits and enjoyments of private life, than for those of public and elevated station. Less urbane and conciliatory in public than in private, his manners are, in the latter, all that is polished, elegant, and fascinating. Though frank, manly, and generous, in his parliamentary deportment, he sometimes loses his temper. That, when he may so please, he can be severe and sarcastic, none can afford more ample testimony than the bitterest of the bitter, his *ci-devant* colleague, the ex-Chancellor Brougham.

In his youth, devotedly attached to the *belles lettres*, his Lordship

was accustomed to read Shakspeare and our other poets, with his lady ; and he is no mean amateur poet himself. Whether he may have composed sonnets to Mrs. Norton's eye-brow, or to her Majesty's shoe-tye, we are not prepared to say.

But Lord Melbourne has not the reading,—he has not the knowledge,—he has not the subtilty,—he has not the study,—he has not the comprehensive, gigantic grasp of mind, that are required to constitute a British statesman—especially a Premier of England. It is not his to bend the bow of Ulysses, or to hurl the thunder of Jove.

What of Lord Durham? The Right Hon. John George Lambton, Earl of Durham, Viscount Lambton and Baron Durham, of the city of Durham, and of Lambton Castle, is of a very old, though but recently ennobled family. According to ancient charters, the Lambtons, whose name is local, have been seated at the manor of Lambton, in the county of Durham, from a period nearly as far back as that of the Norman descent. It appears, indeed, from "Surtees' History of the County Palatine of Durham," that "no earlier owners of Lambton are on record than the ancient and honourable family which still bears the local name. The regular pedigree can only be traced from the twelfth century, many of the family records being destroyed in the civil wars ; but the previous residence of the family is well proved by attestations of charters and incidental evidence, from a period very nearly approaching the Norman Conquest." Thus, for instance, John De Lambton is mentioned as having witnessed a charter of Uchtred de Wodeshend, in 1180. Robert de Lambton, feudal Lord of Lambton Castle, died in 1350. From him the eighth in lineal descent was John Lambton, Esq., born in 1505. This gentleman married Agnes, daughter and co-heiress of Roger Lumley, Esq., of Ludworth, niece of Richard, Lord Lumley, a great grand-daughter of King Edward the Fourth, through his natural daughter, Elizabeth Plantagenet, wife of Thomas Lumley, eldest son of George, Lord Lumley. His great-grandson, Sir William Lambton, who received the honour of knighthood in 1614, was a Colonel of Infantry, in the service of King Charles the First. He fell at the battle of Marston Moor, in 1644. The Lambton estates ultimately devolved upon a younger son, John Lambton, Esq., a Major-General in the army, and Colonel of the Sixty-Eighth Foot, who represented the city of Durham in six Parliaments. His eldest son and successor, by his wife, Susan, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Strathmore, was William Henry Lambton, Esq., also M.P. for the city of Durham. This gentleman, the father of the Earl of Durham, was an old friend of Lord Grey, and was long an active and distinguished member of the Whig party.

By some, it is possible that this little genealogical sketch may be deemed of slight importance. We think otherwise ; for, with few and rare exceptions, the pride of birth, the boast of a long line of great and honourable ancestors, was never yet disregarded by the truly great, the wise, or the good. From generation to generation, reflected honours constitute one of the noblest *stimuli* to virtuous exertion.

Mr. Lambton married, in 1791, Anne Barbara Frances, daughter

of George Bussey, fourth Earl of Jersey, by whom he had John George, Earl of Durham, two other sons, and a daughter. He died in 1797, and his widow afterwards became the wife of the Hon. Charles William Wyndham.

John George Lambton, the subject of this sketch, and who succeeded his father in the family estates, was born on the 12th of April, 1792. Reared and educated in the principles of Whiggism, he naturally followed the example of his father. In August 1813, he was elected one of the Knights-representatives of the county of Durham; in 1820 he was re-elected; and again in 1826, when Mr. Wharton, who had been brought forward against him in the Treasury interest, did not receive more than half the number of votes that were given to the old member.

For fifteen years Mr. Lambton represented the county of Durham in Parliament; and, both in the House of Commons and in the North, he took an active part in all the great political questions of the day, adhering strictly to the principles which had influenced the public conduct of his noble friend and relation, Earl Grey. Indeed, as possessing one of the most productive landed and mining estates in England, and as the representative of a family which, for centuries, had sustained the highest rank amongst the Commoners of England, it could hardly be otherwise than that his influence should be of a preponderating stamp.

Mr. Lambton married, in 1812, Miss Harriet Cholmondeley, by whom he had three daughters. That lady having died in 1815, he married, secondly, on the 9th of December, 1816, the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, Earl Grey. To this distinguished woman, we find the following allusion in Lord Byron's *Diary*—an allusion amply justified by Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of its noble subject:—"Well, the same evening I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patrician, thorough-bred look* of her father, which I dote upon) play on the harp so modestly and ingenuously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully), and heard the girl, than have all the fame of Moore and me put together."*

In the year 1826, in consequence of a severe and protracted illness, occasioned by unremitted application to his parliamentary duties, Mr. Lambton was obliged to retire to the south of Italy. On his return from thence, in January 1828, he was called up to the House of Peers, by the title of Baron Durham, of the city of Durham, and of Lambton Castle; on the 22nd of November, 1830, he was appointed Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and a member of the Cabinet; and, on the 15th of March, 1833, he was advanced to an Earldom by his late Majesty, William the Fourth.

Subsequently to the period just mentioned, his Lordship was despatched upon an important embassy to the court of St. Petersburg. Respecting this appointment, and the manner in which its great and responsible duties were executed, strong and violent opinions have

* Vide *Letters and Journal of Lord Byron*, by Mr. Moore, Vol. ii., p. 410.

been expressed *pro* and *con*. Into them it is by no means our purpose to enter. Whether his Lordship's family motto, *Le Jour Viendra*, may be deemed prophetic on the subject, we are without the means of judging.

Other high and important offices, arising out of the recent insurrection in Canada, were conferred upon his lordship on the 16th of January last :—Governor-General, Vice-Admiral, and Captain General, of all Her Majesty's Provinces, within and adjacent to the Continent of North America ; and Her Majesty's High Commissioner for the adjustment of certain important affairs, affecting the provinces of Lower Canada. With reference to his lordship's powers, and his probable mode of exercising them in these offices, much discussion has arisen in both Houses of Parliament. In the Upper House, his lordship (January 18) expressed his full sense of the awful responsibility with which he was invested. "It were impossible," he said, "for language to express the reluctance with which he had consented to undertake this arduous task. He believed that his duty, in the first place, would be to assert the supremacy of Her Majesty's Government—to assert the dignity and honour of the British Crown—to see that the law was carried into execution—and that it was not set at naught in the remotest cabin of the most distant settlement. He should wish, without reference to party, setting aside all considerations affecting either the British or the Canadian party—the English or French (for in that country he knew of no English and no French—he knew of none but her majesty's subjects)—he should consider that he ought to extend protection to all—that he ought to endeavour to protect the legal rights and privileges of those who were possessors of the soil, and of those who were engaged in commercial transactions. He should not go to Canada for the purpose of suspending the constitution, but to endeavour to provide as efficiently as he could for that extraordinary state of circumstances which had been produced by acts of rebellion, and had rendered it impossible for the constitution to be carried on. It was his anxious wish to produce such a final settlement as would produce harmony amongst all classes, and enable him, not merely to assert the supremacy of the law, but leave the country in a state of prosperity. If he could accomplish such an object, he should deem no personal sacrifice, not even life itself, too great."

To a certain extent, this is all very just ; but if rigidly adhered to, Lord Durham will find himself placed between the horns of a dilemma, from which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to extricate himself. That mode of treatment which may be most desirable, most salutary, most efficient, as regards the British settlers in Canada, who are British in heart, and loyal to their sovereign, will be found *tout au contraire* when applied to the French Republican Canadians. The two are, in fact, distinct races of men, diametrically opposed to each other in views, feelings, and principles.

Highly just and honourable as we believe Lord Durham to be by nature, we have no doubt of his exhibiting the *fortiter in re* ; but that the *suaviter in modo* will be equally conspicuous, is by no means clear to our apprehension. By men of all parties in politics, and by men

of no party in politics—by all who have had personal intercourse with Lord Durham—we have invariably heard him spoken of and described as a man of a tyrannical, haughty, and overbearing disposition—as a man, in fact, of an exceedingly excitable, and, unfortunately for himself as well as for others, irascible temperament.

The appointment itself, we conceive to be an exceedingly satisfactory one to Ministers. In their estimation, Lord Durham is well known to be what, in slang phraseology, would be designated an “ugly customer.” He is somewhat of an unmanageable animal; not easily to be cajoled or humbugged, and too important to be quarrelled with. Time will show the grand result of the mission.

By his countess, the earl of Durham has had a family of five children:—the Hon. Charles William, born January 16, 1818, died Sept. 24, 1831; Mary Louisa, born May 8, 1819; Emily Augusta, born May 17, 1823; George Frederick D’Arcy, born Sept. 5, 1828; and Alice Anne Caroline, born April 16, 1831.

The earl of Durham has been unfortunate in his family. His eldest son, for years the hope and pride of the family—the subject of Sir Thomas Lawrence’s celebrated picture—died, as above stated, before he had attained the age of fourteen. We rather think that, more recently, his lordship has sustained another distressing loss in his family circle.

SONG.

If the joys of my life for ever must perish,
And hopes that I cling to so fondly, decay,
Oh! why should my bosom thus stedfastly cherish
The visions that please me and vanish away?

Why nourish an adder to sting me reposing?
Why grasp at a straw on the edge of the stream?
Why hope, when the lustre of day-light is closing,
To catch from the western horizon its beam?

Alas! the green tree cannot flourish for ever,
The elegant rose is not always in bloom;
They fade, and they wither—their leaves the blasts sever,
And mortal, like them, must be call’d to the tomb!

Oh! then let me live without vainly inclining
To hopes that my fortune will ever betray;—
Our days are a series of constant repining
When pass’d in the search of those flowers that decay.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol. VI. 8vo. pp. 393. Edinburgh: Cadell. London: Murray, and Whittaker and Co.

MR. LOCKHART'S "Life of Sir Walter Scott" is, probably, the most remarkable biography of the age. To the talented editor of the "Quarterly Review," the *tache*—to borrow an appropriate term from the rich vocabulary of our polite neighbours—must have been a work of "pleasing pain," accompanied, during its progress, with a strange vicissitude of feeling and emotion. It is not, however, our intention to introduce the extracts we intend to make from the sixth volume of the series, by elaborate notices or comments: suffice it to say, that the same talent and ability, that abounded in its predecessors, are visible in this book; and that when the work itself shall be completed, the biography of a near relation will only have added fresh laurels to those that already crown the brow of one of England's most illustrious peers of literature.

The following interesting observations are extracted from Sir Walter Scott's "Diary:"—

"November 22nd — Moore.—I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding, about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the pedant nor the poet. A little—very little man; less, I think, than Lewis, and somewhat like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

"I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his *Journal*, of Moore and myself, in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was anxious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world—I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman—and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself 'The Great Pwalmlly—inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen.' He also enjoys the '*Mot pour vivre*,' and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's Memoirs would satisfy his executors. But there was a reason—*Premat Nox alta*. It would be a delightful addition to life, if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to the theatre together; and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."

In taking leaving of the sixth volume of the "Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott,"

we cannot help observing, that many portions of the *Diary* are devoted to the detail of matters trivial and insignificant in the extreme, especially in the eleventh chapter, where the events of the French tour are particularized with a minuteness in which there is a manifestation of vanity and self-conceit which could not be extenuated by even the greatness of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia himself. Many of Sir Walter's views with regard to the French were, moreover, erroneous in the extreme. For example—he says, page 386, (talking of the splendour of the Louvre)—“We can never do the like in Britain. Royal magnificence can only be displayed by despotic power. In England, were the most splendid street or public building to be erected, the matter must be discussed in parliament; or perhaps some sturdy cobbler holds out and refuses to part with his stall, and the whole plan is disconcerted. Long may such impediments exist!” How ridiculous is such a statement! At this present moment there is one solitary house in the Place du Carrousel, which destroys the uniformity of the *arena*, and which the proprietor—a *restaurateur*—will not concede to the board of public works for any sum that the Minister of Commerce has been enabled to offer. Treble the value of the house has been refused; and, with regard to those matters, the laws have remained unchanged since 1808. Now, the very contrary exists in England. A proprietor of a house or street in London can be compelled to receive a remuneration commensurate on valuation with the property he may yield up to those commissioners who deem that the public interest, whether for the enhancement of utility or improvement, requires the sacrifice. The English travel much, but notice little; and in the numerous works that have lately been published relative to the French, we know but few where prejudice, gross ignorance, or wilful blindness have not engendered a thousand errors. Witness Mr. Wilson Croker's savage attack, a couple of years ago, on French literature, in the *Quarterly Review*—an attack which, had it ever met their eyes, would have excited the risibility of such men as de Balzac, Paul de Kock, Dumas, and Victor Hugo, instead of their anger—an attack that was conceived in prejudice, executed in ignorance, and promulgated in spite—an attack, in fine, that does no honour to its author, but, on the contrary, demonstrates a jealousy and a narrow-mindedness which we were somewhat surprised to encounter in a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*.

POETRY AND FICTION.

The Siege of Antwerp. A Tragedy. By WILLIAM KENNEDY,
Author of the “Arrow and the Rose,” &c. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 110.
Moxon.

It is not often that a work emanates from the respectable publishing office of Mr. Moxon, of Dover Street; but those volumes, which *are* issued to the literary world under the auspices of one who is himself a poet of no ordinary talent, are invariably fraught with the elements of success and attraction. Thus have we now before us a brilliant production—in the true style of the legitimate drama—by a gentleman whose first work gave unequivocal promise of future excellence. “The Siege of Antwerp” is a tragedy, the subject of which, as the author informs us in his appendix, was suggested by a slight sketch, bearing the same title, in a volume of stories translated from the German by Mr. Gillies. The leading characters and circumstances are historical. “Antwerp was besieged by the Prince of Parma in 1584: after a vigorous blockade of about twelve months, the inhabitants, pressed by the miseries of famine, compelled the authorities to capitulate with the Spanish general. Much of the merit of the defence of Antwerp against the armies of the gloomy bigot Philip II., is ascribed to Frederick Giambelli—a celebrated Italian engineer—to whom war owes the invention of *fire-ships*,

during the siege. It is believed that, had not Giambelli been thwarted by the folly of the citizens, he would have succeeded in forcing Parma to retire. The events of the time are recorded in Watson's 'Reign of Philip II.' "

The plot is briefly as follows. The prince of Parma is beleaguering Antwerp with almost an overpowering force; and Giambelli is the commander of the Flemish garrison. Cassilda—the daughter of Nunez, a captain in the Spanish army—was beloved by the prince, during her residence in Spain; but Giambelli was the successful rival who obtained possession of her hand. Vigorous are the efforts of the besieged and the besiegers. The prince has constructed a bridge across the Scheldt, for the purpose of barring the passage of the Dutch admiral's ships, and thus cutting off the supplies of the garrison, which is speedily menaced with famine and all its contingent evils—revolt, mutiny, concession, and the ravages of a triumphant army. Giambelli invents two fire-ships, by the aid of which he intends to blow up the bridge, and thus clear a passage for the admiral's fleet; but Cassilda, fearful that her father's life may be endangered by the meditated explosion, warns him of his danger in a note that is immediately laid before the prince. The result may be readily conceived. The fire-ships effects but little damage; and the besieged, in their despair, are induced to sally forth against the enemy. In that unequal combat, the Flemish are entirely defeated, and Giambelli himself is severely wounded. The vanquished garrison surrender the town to its Spanish enemies—Giambelli breathes his last as the foe march triumphantly into the town—and Cassilda, whose father has met a righteous doom in the late onslaught, dies of a broken heart on her husband's corpse.

"The Siege of Antwerp" abounds in beautiful passages, appropriate metaphor, and soul-stirring interest. There are some scenes which remind us of the most affecting passages of the "Angelo" of Victor Hugo, and the "Catherine Howard" of Alexandre Dumas. The ensuing extract—an answer which Giambelli gives to his fond spouse's demand—

"When shall peace

Displace the pomp of desolating conquest?"

is probably the most beautiful and truly poetical paragraph in the whole tragedy:—

"Far distant is that green Arcadian epoch—
Yet come it will, when the awakening world
Throws off the sleep of ages!—When the tribes,
Sprung from the loins of Adam, pierce the mists
Of ignorance and error! When the law—
The equal statute of administering Nature—
Which ne'er ordained that creature to its kind
Should crouch, in perpetuity of bondage—
Whene'er this holy and transparent law,
Hidden by craft from the abused sense
Of grovelling multitudes, is seen and felt,
Discerned and regarded—then—then only—
Though goodness were a sacrifice for man—
Shall peace and love (blest twins!) be dominant!
In these dark days, we can but dream, Cassilda!

Hard were the lot
Of weak, unapprehensive innocence,
Were none found bold enough to champion it—
Were no puissant arm's defying gage
Flung in the teeth of rude, impossible power—
Were every despot left to sweep the earth,

As the fiend rides the whirlwind, unopposed,
Tracking his course with devastation!"

None but a good Christian and a true philanthropist could have penned the above truly beautiful lines.

Trelawny of Trelawne; or, the Prophecy: A legend of Cornwall.
By MRS. BRAY, Author of "De Foix," "Fitz of Fitz-Ford,"
"The Talba," "White Hoods," "Warleigh," "Borders of the
Tamar and Tavy," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.

THE page of romance, ought to be the page of truth, equally with that of history. Historical fact, correctness of costume, *vrai-semblance* of manners, should never be violated. A perfect romance would be a perfect transcript of nature, animate or inanimate, in all its forms and variations. Whenever real characters may be introduced, in a work of fiction, historic fact should constitute the frame-work—the grand outline from which not the slightest deviation should be tolerated. We do not mean by this *dictum* that the genius of the writer should be cramped, or condemned to the recapitulation of dry detail. Heaven knows, there is somewhat too much of this, even in what is denominated history itself. All that we wish to insist upon is, that real personages should not be made to say or do what they not only did not say or do, but what it was impossible they should ever have said or done. By the practice of which by implication we complain—a practice of error from which Sir Walter Scott himself was not free—the reader is ridiculously mystified, and induced to receive for truth, that which is neither more nor less than direct falsehood. Taking fact for the basis of romance, and respecting it equally as the outline of his superstructure, the architect has ample scope for the exercise of his inventive powers. All that is required is, that his incidents and characters be preserved in keeping—that nothing may be presented but what might have actually taken place, or what, for ought that we know to the contrary, actually did take place. If this rule be adhered to, the reader can never be misled, or induced to entertain erroneous views of facts, persons, or manners. Thus, it is evident, that no person can be qualified to set up for a romance writer, unless he bring to the task a discriminative mind, richly stored with reading and observation.

We have been led to these remarks, from a perfect recollection of the merits of Mrs. Bray's former works. Numerous and brilliant as is the list of female contemporary writers, there are but few who may compete with Mrs. Bray, in variety of reading, in depth of research, in comprehensiveness of mind, in dramatic power, in rich and expansive glow of imagination. To the truth of this position every reader of the romances enumerated in the title-page of "Trelawny of Trelawne," will readily assent. Her taste for the picturesque, her skill in legendary lore, and her love of ancient superstitions—all admirable qualifications for a writer of fiction—are equally apparent in the "Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," to which by liberality of quotation, and warmth of praise, the last number of the "Quarterly Review" has done no more than justice. And these qualifications she has turned to admirable account in the volumes now before us. Intimately conversant, also, with the localities of her scene, her description is instantly recognised by its fidelity and force.

Previously prepared, by her acquaintance with the pages of Froissart, Burnet, Gilbert, &c.—it was in the winter of 1833 that Mrs. Bray quitted her residence at Tavistock to visit the Trelawny family in Cornwall, with the view of exploring, in their ancient mansion, a mass of documents which had been accumulating for ages. The Trelawnys trace the possession of their estates at Trelawne, to a period far beyond the Conquest; and many are the distinguished individuals who figure in their genealogical tree. Amongst them

was the Right Rev. Sir Jonathan Trelawny, lord bishop of Bristol in 1685, one of the seven prelates who were committed to the Tower by King James the Second. This bishop, though not ostensibly the hero of Mrs. Bray's story, is one of its prominent characters. As the scene is chiefly laid during the rebellion of the ill-fated duke of Monmouth, many stirring incidents are brought forward, strikingly and characteristically illustrative of the manners of that period. The domestic interest of the tale, however, turns upon an ancient prophecy, which, from generation to generation, had held the family in awe:—

“Trelawne, her course 'mid cousins run,
Shall weep for many a first-born son!”

This prophecy originated in an extraordinary adventure of Sir Reginald Trelawny, in the time of the Crusades. Betrothed to his *first cousin*, he married her in defiance of the prophetic denunciation pronounced by the miraculously animated statue of St. George in the Carmelite monastery at Barcelona. The first-born son of this fatal marriage fell an early victim to the vengeance of the outraged saint; and ever afterwards the marriage of first cousins had proved equally fatal in the family of Trelawny. At the point of time which Mrs. Bray has selected, a strong and mutual attachment is found to exist between Letitia, one of the daughters of the Bishop, and her first cousin, Harry Trelawny. The match is most strenuously opposed by the parents of the lady, who peremptorily insist upon her marriage with Sir Francis Beaumont, a man of large fortune, and potent influence in the neighbourhood. The interest arising out of these circumstances is highly wrought, and as powerfully sustained to the very fall of the curtain.

Though not connected with the novel itself, the subjoined description of a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, presented by the maiden queen to “the handsome Sir Jonathan Trelawny,” and still hanging in one of the apartments of the family mansion, will, by many, be deemed a curiosity.

“It represents her when young. The hair is sandy, the complexion fair, a slight colour in the cheeks, the forehead high and broad, the eyes grey, a short compressed chin, with a small mouth. The whole possesses quite sufficient pretensions to beauty, to make any flattery on the subject that might have been paid to the woman pass unsuspected by the queen. The countenance is serious, indicative of good sense, with no want of firmness of character; but there is nothing of that deep expression, that elevation of mind, which tells of imaginative powers and nicely sensitive feelings. The likeness, I have no doubt, was faithful. Allowing for difference of age in the same person, this portrait of Elizabeth reminded me of her as she appeared so admirably sculptured in the effigy on her tomb. I understand that there has been some difference of opinion as to the time in which this was painted; but from a long and intimate acquaintance with old pictures, I do not hesitate to say (confirmed as the opinion is by the style in which the figure is dressed), that it was executed in the reign of her sister, Queen Mary; as the gown is of that true Spanish cut, which Mary introduced at court as a compliment to her husband, after her marriage with the bigoted King Philip. The waist is long, and stiff as a piece of armour; the stomacher part of gold, on white satin, of diaper work, consisting of roses, acorns, and oak leaves. The purple dress is decorated, over the long sleeves, with pearls in roses. The head is enriched with gems, and a jewel appears in the front above the forehead. She has five rounds of massive gold chain over her shoulders, and a smaller chain of gold round the throat; her cuffs are of lace. This record of the youth of Elizabeth unquestionably deserves to be engraved.”

Jane Lomax; or a Mother's Crime. By the Author of “*Brambletye House*,” &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

THE talented Horace Smith had so long retired from the literary world, that

his entire secession from the eminent seat he formerly occupied in that sphere seemed to us as decided. It was therefore with the greatest pleasure that we again hailed his appearance on that stage, where his capacities had already led him to the fulfilment of exalted destinies, and to the enactment of no ordinary a character. We, however, deplore the morbid taste of the present day, which compelled him to desert the track he had so successfully pursued, and seek for food for his narrative in other regions than the walks of history and truth. "Jane Lomax" is by no means equal to "Reuben Apsley," "Walter Colyton," "Brambletye House," &c. &c.; it is nevertheless an amusing tale, and will be read with interest. The middle classes of society have for the most part furnished the subject, which would have been better handled by Edward Lytton Bulwer than by Horace Smith.

Our limits unfortunately prevent us from laying a specimen of the work, in the shape of an extract from the most interesting of its pages, before our readers: we, however, earnestly recommend a perusal of "Jane Lomax, or the Mother's Crime," to our literary friends; and to many of them—if not to all—we may venture to observe that an useful moral may be derived from the tale, and that none will have reason to complain of having made himself acquainted with the vicissitudes attendant upon the fortunes of Mr. Horace Smith's new heroine.

Trifles for Leisure Hours. By M. A. Z. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 290. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is a pretty little volume, and contains a variety of amusing tales and sketches which cannot fail to interest the reader. Albeit a collection of trifles, those *bagatelles*, may do something more than merely fill up moments which would otherwise be unemployed; they can amuse and instruct at the same time. The younger branches of the female portion of the reading world should not omit the purchase of "Leisure Hours;" the style of the author will be found to be easy and unaffected, and an occasional vein of humour enlivens the detached papers which form the component parts of the work. The following extract will at once corroborate some of the above assertions:—

"Religion and virtue are cause and effect. But, as from a mismanaged education, or at the least a neglected one, religious principles are not always imbibed, it becomes necessary to try how far habit will have good effect. To this end we say, 'Never omit attending a place of worship once every Sunday, but as much oftener as you can.' The practice of this rule will by-and-by generate a feeling of respect, which will verge into veneration. You will, at least, be taught the principles of virtue, and in all probability to practise them. The third point to which I shall direct your attention, is *contentment*. Envy and malice have in all ages been the great reasons why men have lived without contentment. Their own passions, could they but have been made aware of the fact, have been the greatest bar to the happiness they vainly sought. The 'right of equality,' one of the most absurd feelings—because unnatural—prevails too extensively to allow of a reciprocal understanding between man and man, and the exercise of those just and proper feelings by which they ought to be characterized."

The Rambles of Captain Bolio; or an Illustration, Critique, and Exposé of Men and Manners. Edited by DELLA. Published in Monthly Parts, with Engravings. Strange.

WE have now four Parts of this interesting publication lying upon our table, and cannot longer delay paying our just tribute of praise to that which must instruct every class of readers. The work abounds with considerable humour, and many of the scenes are depicted with a degree of *naïveté* and talent that cannot fail to interest and attract the reader. The whole, when

complete in twenty Parts, will form an amusing little volume. Our limits—and not our inclination—prevent the possibility of extract.

The Cry of the Poor. A Poem. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 68. H. Hughes.

WE cannot better introduce this admirable little production to our readers than in the author's own words:—

“Oft the mailed warrior, bent, in days of old,
On high emprise, his fiery steed would rein,
To listen to the wand’ring minstrel’s strain,
Which valour’s deeds of lofty daring told,
And, as the rude unartful notes forth roll’d,
Fresh ardour in the cause espous’d would gain;—
So ye, perchance, the gen’rous-minded train,
Peers, prelates, senators, a noble band,
Who ’gainst OPPRESSION wage a warfare bold,
May not disdain to lend the list’ning ear
To strains, tho’ waked by an unskilful hand,
Which tell the poor man’s wrongs—his woes severe—
Nor to resolve, anew, to falter ne’er,
Till ye have hurl’d the monster from the land.”

W. H.

The versification of the poem before us is sufficient to identify the work as the production of a clever man; the sentiments advocated therein do honour to the generous disposition of the author; and in taking leave of the “Cry of the Poor,” we cannot do otherwise than recommend it to every reader of the *Monthly Magazine*.

Hood’s Own; or Laughter from Year to Year. A Monthly Periodical with Numerous Wood-cuts. 8vo. pp. 48. A. H. Bailey and Co.

THIS amusing publication—which, by the bye, ought, by rights, to bear the more appropriate title of “Laughter from Month to Month”—is replete with some of Hood’s most choice *morceaux*, and contains a host in the “Pugsley Papers” alone. It will be seen that the crowded state of the space we usually devote to our “Monthly Review of Literature” totally supersedes the possibility of introducing those extracts which we would willingly have laid before our readers; we, however, take leave of “Hood’s Own” with our most cordial approbation of the design, and the intention of devoting a few pages to the next number. Be it, nevertheless, said *en passant*, that the letter-press is worthy of being illustrated with better wood-cuts.

Confessions of an Elderly Lady. By LADY BLESSINGTON. With Illustrations by T. PARRIS. 1 vol. 8vo. Longman and Co.

Two French works were published in Paris, several years ago, by the renowned Lavocat—that *quondam* prince of *libraires-editeurs*—entitled, the one “*Confessions d’un Homme Bizarre*,” and the other, “*La Vie d’une Femme Bizarre*.” From these productions have originated as many English “concoctions”—viz. “The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman,” and the same of “An Elderly Lady;” and although the titles be slightly altered, the imitation is too perceptible not to strike a critic at all conversant with the literature of our intelligent neighbours. Many of these piracies or plagiarisms, however, pass unnoticed in the pages of English reviews; and numbers of our readers will be surprised when we assure them that the humorous episode of the boatswain losing his trowsers in Captain Marryatt’s celebrated novel of “Midshipman Easy,” is but a feeble and ineffectual imitation of the laugh-

able anecdote relative to a similar dilemma in Paul de Kock's "*L'amant, le Mari, et la Femme*," where Messieurs Dubois and Deligny enact the pleasant farce in question. Many other instances of the same kind we might also notice—especially in the works of Bulwer, whose great and unequalled prototype is de Balzac—but lack of time and space compels us to "*revenir à nos moutons*."

The work under notice is decidedly a clever production; it is a fit *pendant* to the "Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman," and embraces all the most striking incidents in the life of the "Elderly Lady," many of which are evidently episodes in that of Lady Blessington herself. It is, nevertheless, a book, upon the merits or demerits of which, the critic cannot be diffuse: we therefore hasten to lay before the reader the following interesting paragraphs illustrative of Italian courtship:—

"Amongst those whose pretensions to please least annoyed, though they totally failed to interest me, were Il Principe di Monte Rosso, and his *fidus Achates*, Il Duca di Carditella. Both these nobles professed a chivalrous adoration for me worthy the days of romance, and displayed it à la Napolitain. They sang duets beneath my balcony at night; their boat followed mine in the evening over the moonlight sea; and the lava of Vesuvius, their native volcano, whose flames their own for me professed to emulate, was offered to me in every shape into which the ingenuity of art could torture it, to remind me of their *tendresse*. Such was their attention to my comfort—though that was a word as unknown to their southern ears as the reality was to their habits—that, on one occasion, when Lady Walsingham observed that the butter provided by our major domo was of a very objectionable quality, Il principe declared that the superintendent of his villa sold the best butter in all the neighbourhood of Naples; and recommended it so zealously that we knew not precisely which he wished most to serve, his farmer or myself. Il Duca di Carditella frequently assured us that the wine sold by the porter at his Palazzo, and made from the vines on his estate, was superior to all other, and even urged our servant to give it a trial. I figured to myself an English duke puffing his own wine or butter to engage purchasers, and, above all, to the lady of his love; and could not resist smiling at the contrast between such conduct and the sonorous and ancient titles of the perpetrators. Whenever Il Principe sighed, and this was not seldom, Il Duca echoed; each compliment that one offered at the shrine of my beauty, and each profession of the profound sentiment which that beauty had excited, was repeated nearly verbatim by the other without the least apparent embarrassment to either.

"This modern Pylades and Orestes always came and departed together; and their mutual harmony seemed in no way impeded by the passion they professed to entertain for the same object. There was something so singular in this brotherhood in love, that, though it failed to interest, it succeeded in sometimes amusing me.

"One day, when Il Principe was calling all the saints in the calendar, even St. Januarius himself, to witness how perfectly he adored me, and Il Duca was strenuously emulating him in his vows, I inquired, with as serious a face as I could assume, how, in case I should, by any possibility (though I admitted not the probability of such an event), prefer one to the other, the rejected suitor could support the disappointment; or the one that was accepted be so selfish as to enjoy a boon of which his brother in love had been deprived.

"Let not such a reflection oppose a single obstacle to your decision, charming lady!" exclaimed both in nearly the same words; "for we have sworn that he who becomes your husband shall select the other for your *cavalier servente*!"

In taking leave of Lady Blessington's clever book, we strongly recommend its perusal to our readers, and particularly to those young ladies who are about to be introduced to the mingled joys and troubles of fashionable life.

Royston Gower ; or the Days of King John. By the Author of "A Day in the Woods," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

The work before us is, without doubt, one of the most clever productions of the class to which it belongs. A decided imitation of the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott, it has none of that servility which is so essentially infused in many of the same style of romance ; and if it be considerably inferior to the performances that were its prototypes, it nevertheless contains passages that would not diminish the reputation of the author of "Waverley" himself. The incidents are varied and numerous : a rapid succession of adventures, in which the reader is duly introduced to rebellious barons, "gentle knights," "fair ladies," and the well-known heroes of Sherwood Forest—Robin Hood, and his companions, to wit—sustain a powerful interest, and supersede the possibility of any delay, even on the part of the least 'curious, in the perusal of the tale. The following description of Cardinal Langton may be aptly quoted as a specimen of the author's style :—

"Beyond the shrubbery, and along the footpath which skirted the stream with which Newstead was watered, walked the proud prelate Cardinal Langton, accompanied by Prior Ambrose. They were in deep converse together ; and as the former had but recently returned from Rome, and brought with him a terrible mandate from the Pope, he seemed to swell under his new dignity, and spake with a passionate earnestness that but ill accorded with the humility which became one about to wield the pastoral crook in the church of Christ."

"Backed by the mighty pontiff, he regarded this quarrel with the king as a point which would ere long signalize his name ; and even preferred the daring and dangerous road by which he was then seeking to obtain the see of Canterbury, to that easy path which had been pursued by his predecessors. Bold and ambitious, and aspiring to that fame which Becket's name had recently obtained, and which was still blazing abroad, a spirit had kindled within him, that defied alike both death and danger, as he was well armed for the latter, and the former could make him both a saint and a martyr.

"He wore a long scarlet robe, of dalmatica, richly trimmed with minever, the hem of which trailed along the borders of the shrubbery, while his tall majestical figure was reflected in the stream, and, lengthened by the sunset, seemed to spread like the form of a Titan. Although the red hat was not yet introduced, he wore a rich cap edged with costly fur, which far outdid the more modern and prouder emblem of office.

"The prior was clothed in the gloomy habit of his order, which formed as strong and striking a contrast to the rich materials of his companion, as did his meek and good-humoured countenance when compared with the proud and haughty features of the ambitious prelate.

"Although the face of the cardinal would be called handsome, and the fine aquiline nose, curled lip, and lofty forehead might have served as a model for the form of a god, yet his eyes were deep sunk, fiery, and forbidding, and bore sure signs that strong passions could readily kindle them, and swell out the deeply ploughed furrows of his brow. He bore the look of a man at once fiery, bold, resolute, and cautious ; and as he had moved among kings and rulers, he had caught that lofty aspect, which, without commanding, has command over all who approach, as if he was born to be obeyed.

"He paced to and fro, along the broad footpath beside the stream : armed with the thunder of the Vatican, and out waiting the result of his interview with King John, before he issued the dreaded interdict which he had brought from the Pontiff of Rome,—he seemed to spurn the earth on which he trod, moving more like a conqueror who comes to receive the homage of a subdued city, and tramples upon the walls which his forces have levelled, than one aspiring to preside over a church, whose every member should be 'meek and lowly in heart.' Such however were the instruments chosen by the Omni-

potent to sever those shackles which held down the human mind; and while they struggled to widen the narrow entrance of the church, that they might enter our holy temples in greater pomp,—opened those flood-gates of religious light and liberty, which they never again were enabled to close."

We regret that the unusual press of works, claiming our immediate notice, obliges us thus to limit those extracts to which we would otherwise have willingly devoted double the quantity of space already allotted to this review.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letters to Joseph Sturge, Esq. By WILLIAM ALERS HANKEY, Esq.
8vo. p. 23. Ward and Co.

THIS is a pamphlet which has been *forced* from the pen of Mr. Hankey, by one of the most unwarrantable and unchristian-like attacks upon a private character, that ever was yet made by an individual professing religious sentiments and feelings. Mr. Hankey, who, by mere accident, became the proprietor of an estate in Jamaica, is deliberately accused, and that on no better grounds than mere hearsay, of unlawfully detaining a negress and her children in bondage, since the passing of the Abolition of Slavery Act, and of moreover refusing to vend a certain portion of his landed property to erect a chapel upon. These two assertions, which were conceived in malice, and promulgated in the same spirit, are most successfully refuted in the pamphlet under notice. Mr. Hankey therein proves, that justice and remuneration were awarded to the suffering being when this case was made known, in the first instance; and that the *moderate request* relative to the disposal of the piece of land, merely circumscribed an extent of seven acres of his most valuable territory, which, if alienated from his possession, would not only have deteriorated the value of his property, but, in times of drought, occasioned the death of the cattle.

Such is the substance of the work; and most effectually is the credulous, if not malicious, Mr. Sturge refuted by its contents, which are written in a truly Christian spirit. The misrepresentations of Mr. Sturge afford a melancholy instance of the effects of party feeling and want of principle. To suit his own selfish aims, he does not hesitate publicly to attack and impeach the character of one of the most respectable and influential members of the Christian community, rather than take the trouble to enquire whether the reports that have reached him, be true or false, or visit Arcadia, and examine into the facts when near that estate: with all his parade, he proves himself to be mere "sounding brass," being destitute of charity. In conclusion, we may observe that Mr. Sturge had better exercise, in future, a little prudence and forethought, ere he venture to enter the lists against one so admirably qualified to defend himself as the author of the pamphlet under notice.

Plain Advice on the Making of Wills. By JOHN H. BRADY, Author of "Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators," &c. &c. Fourth Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 155. Maxwell.

So much praise has already been bestowed upon this important and valuable work, that little remains for us to do save to join our mite of approbation to that of our contemporaries, and earnestly advise a close attention to the instructions contained in its pages. This we do with sincerity, and at the same time pronounce the book itself to be one of the most useful and welcome publications that have lately issued from the law-press of this country.

Pedro of Castile. A Poem. By H. J. SHEPHERD, ESQ. London: Murray. 12mo., pp. 167.

PEDRO of Leon and Castile, the hero of this clever and amusing poem, was contemporary with Edward the Third. A graphic description of the manners and customs of the age he lived in; of his contests with his illegitimate brother, the Count of Transtamarre, for the throne of their father; and Pedro's romantic passion for Maria de Padilla, form the main features of Mr. Shepherd's poem. It is thickly interspersed with passages of considerable merit, and is altogether a very creditable performance.

Familiar Exercises between an Attorney and his Articled Clerk, on the General Principles of the Laws of Real Property, &c. By Francis Hobler, Jun., Attorney at Law. Second Edition, 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 340. Hodson.

THIS is a very useful introduction to the study of the laws of real property, and ought to be in the hands of every student. It is a work of no pretension, yet great merit, and reflects credit upon the industry and professional zeal of the author.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

PERHAPS it is not the least of the many advantages attending scientific pursuits, that it conduces, in no ordinary degree, to the prolongation of human life. That such is the fact will immediately be seen by reference to a table of the ages at which those have died whose mental exertions ministered to the intellectual wants of their fellow-men. It will be found that the child of imagination,—the poet, has the shortest span of life; and the pupil of nature,—he who wanders into the fields to scan her vegetable or animal productions,—who watches the actions of her various igneous and oceanic instruments for changing the outward form and inward structure of our globe; or, by the aid of the telescope, soars from the planet which he inhabits, through the realms of space, in search of the laws which immutably guide the system of nature,—that he it is who is spared for the longer period to pursue his researches, and communicate them for the benefit of the great brotherhood of man. This, doubtless, arises from the calm and equable temperament,—the simple-mindedness,—which is induced by such pursuits; banishing the stormy gusts of passion, and tending to impress on the mind a conviction of the futility of seeking for happiness by the gratification of the propensities, instead of by the cultivation of the moral and intellectual faculties with which man has been endowed.

In BOTANY, nothing of any peculiar interest has transpired during the month. An assertion had got abroad that the plant, whose flowers measure fourteen inches in diameter, discovered by Mr. Schomburgck, and named by him, *Victoria regia*, was nothing new, being neither more nor less than the *Euryale Amazonica*: this has been elaborately contradicted by Dr. Lindley, in a notice to the Geographical Society; in which he contrasts the characters of the two plants, and proves them to be distinct. Among the botanical specimens brought home by Captain Alexander, may be mentioned a beautiful blue-flowered prickly *Barleria*, which he terms "our comfort in the wilderness;" but, perhaps, the most interesting is the curious Naras fruit, from its value as an article of food. It is difficult to determine what it is exactly; but some seeds have been planted in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, and will, perhaps, determine its character.

AGRICULTURE has few operations of more importance, or which promise

more valuable results, than the reclaiming of submersed lands from the estuaries of large rivers. The most surprising works of this kind have been carried on within the last few years, particularly in the Forth and Tay; by which not only lands liable to periodical submergence have been brought into cultivation, but rivers have been made to precipitate their mud in convenient localities; thus covering a gravelly beach with a surface of the most productive character. In the Forth, 350 acres; in the Tay, 70 acres; on the shores of Errol, 150 acres; and around Mugdrum Island, 20 acres, have been recovered, which are returning an average profit of 15 per cent. on the outlay.

The GEOGRAPHY of South Africa has been further elucidated by a report from Captain Alexander of his recent expedition to the Damaras; and, as his account will supply what has hitherto been a blank on that portion of our maps of Africa, we are tempted to make a full extract of his paper; the interesting character of which renders excuse unnecessary. Upon leaving the Cape, in September, Captain Alexander says:—"The country, at this season, was very beautiful; wild flowers, seen only in conservatories in England, appeared on every side; there was nothing wild or barren in the landscape, but a verdant carpet, variegated with gay colours, was spread before us; in the distance, and on the right, were the snow-covered peaks of the primitive range of Drakenstein, averaging in height about 2000 feet above the sea. The country at the Warm Bath presents a striking contrast; here a great plain spreads around, interspersed with black conical hills, rising from 200 to 300 feet, and occasionally visited by lions, spring-boks, ostriches, and zebras. The tribe of Great Namaquas who reside here, live in fifty circular huts; both men and women are taller than those seen to the south of the Orange River; but they have the same high cheek bones, small eyes and noses, and yellow Malay complexions. Proceeding to the northward, we passed along the western foot of the Unguma mountains, entered the Dámara land, and then crossed the great plains of Kei-kaap, to the pass called Bull's-mouth, through a range of mountains about 2000 feet high; and after suffering dreadfully from both hunger and thirst, we crossed the tropic, and reached the sea at Walvisch bay, on the west coast, in lat. 22° 50' south, on the 19th of April, seven months from our departure from Cape Town; and being the first Europeans who had ever accomplished this journey by land. After a stay of a fortnight here, and an ineffectual attempt to get to the northward, we left it on the 3rd May, and directed our course to the eastward, along the banks of the Kooisip. At this time we subsisted on a new species of fruit called Naras, about the size of a shaddock, covered with prickles; but containing inside pulp and seeds resembling a melon: it grows on a thorny bush about four feet high, without leaves. On the 12th we reached the Humaris, or rolling river, a northern tributary of the Kooisip, to the eastward of which extends a range of mountains called Tomâs, or of the wilderness. Here were abundance of rhinoceroses, and we ate their flesh and that of the zebra; both are rank and disagreeable: locusts also were occasionally our food. Journeying to the eastward, we crossed the offsets of the great mountain of Tans, or the Screen, and found ourselves on an elevated Table-land, in the rocky recesses of which dwell many communities of Hill Dámaras; more to the eastward we found plains of excellent grass, with trees. Here we saw the first brindled gnus, which the Boschman captured, disguised as an ostrich; we also saw white and black rhinoceroses. Continuing to the eastward, we arrived on the 24th at the large village of Neeis, composed of mat-houses, and containing about 1200 persons, Namaquas and Hill Dámaras. It is situated on the banks of a fertile plain; our wants were here abundantly supplied, and all the native dances were performed to welcome us. There are two nations or great tribes of Dámaras, those of the plains and of the hills; both are negroes (of the correctness of this assertion every one at the meeting where Captain Alexander's paper was read, had ocular proof. He introduced a Dámara boy brought home by him. The youth had the black skin, woolly hair, flat nose, thick lips, and all the

other marks which distinguish the negro race). To return to the narrative. —“ We tried in vain to get either to the northward or to the eastward ; from Neéis no guide would dare show us the routes to the north, for there the Dámaras of the plain lay ready for war ; while to the east, they said, there was an impassable desert, which no native had ever ventured to cross ! I was obliged, therefore, to turn my face to the south, and on the 31st May we set out on our homeward journey ; at forty miles we came to a beautiful valley, with a fine view of mountain scenery in the south, and passed through a valley of trees ; the grass stood like corn, and amongst it ran numerous pheasants and guinea-fowl. As this valley abounds in game, it would be an excellent spot for an advanced Missionary post—the people are anxious that it should be so occupied. As we journeyed southward we saw many camel-leopards ; they were commonly in herds of a dozen, with two videttes on an eminence overlooking the bushes on the plain ; we found the flesh of the giraffe preferable to any other we had tasted, and we had eaten of every animal from a lion to a locust. On the 10th of June we re-crossed the great Fish River, and descended into the plain of the Koanguip. After passing Bethany we exchanged the country of lions for that of leopards ; and by a hot and unpleasant valley of scorpions reached and crossed the Orange River, within thirty miles of the Atlantic.” On the 1st of August they re-entered the colony, and reached Cape Town on the 21st of September, having been absent one year and eleven days, and performed a journey of about 4000 miles.

The ZOOLOGICAL specimens collected during this expedition, comprise many rare and valuable species ; among others the *Graphyurus Capensis* of Cuvier ; several species of *Chrysocloris Cynictis*, and *Bathergus*, not yet described ; one species of *Canis*, and one of *Herpestes*, appear to be entirely new. Among the Raptorial birds is a very beautiful eagle, which seems to be new ; among the Incessorial is a very rare Touraco, described by Dr. Smith ; and the Coracias, which is said to alight on the horns of the rhinoceros, and is interesting as showing the southern limit of this beautiful tropical bird. A number of hitherto unknown animals have been discovered in Australia, and will give rise to new generic distinctions ; while others will take their places in well-established genera. One has been named *Halmaturus Irma*, belonging to the Kangaroos ; its form is slender, and its head and tail are spotted black and white with much regularity and elegance. It was found near the settlement on the Swan River. A letter from B. H. Hodgson was read at the Asiatic Society, dated Nepal, stating, that after much trouble he had ascertained the Gauri Gau of the Saul Forest, at the foot of the Himalaya, to be a connecting link between the Bos and the Bison ; it was distinguished by the great size of the cranium, by the huge frontal crest rising above the horns, and by the number of its ribs. He proposed to call this creature *Bibos*, as a generic name, with the addition of *sub-hemachalus*, as the specific one ; from its habitat under the Himalaya. These animals are found only in the deepest recesses of the Saul Forest, roaming in herds ; inoffensive if not molested, but furious if roused by aggression.

SURGERY is indebted to M. Velpeau, who has given the following details of a new method of treatment for broken bones ; which, from its reducing the amount of human suffering from such accidents, should, and doubtless will, receive universal attention. Whatever the state of the fracture, whether accompanied by wounds or swelling, M. Velpeau proceeds at once to its reduction ; immediately afterwards surrounding the parts with pads, and a moderately light bandage reaching, on the leg for instance, from the insertion of the toes to the upper extremity of the fractured limb. He then wets the bandage with starch, similar to that used for linen, afterwards continuing the bandage downwards. Each layer is starched like the first, to which it adheres, except near the lower part, where they are separated by pads placed on each side of the Tendo Achilles. Four strips of wet pasteboard are then placed before, behind, and on each side of the leg, which are fastened by bandages at the knee and heel, and starched like the rest. The whole will be dry in about three days ;

and then the limb and bandage are so well adapted to each other, that the bones cannot be displaced. The pressure being moderate and equal, no restraint is felt, and the patient is able to move about with comparative facility and comfort.

At the ASIATIC SOCIETY a paper was read, giving some particulars of a curious sect, residing in a considerable range of building near Danodhar, Cutch. They are called *Kánphatis*, and their creed and practice is to provide with food and shelter all who ask it of them, of whatever caste or creed the applicant may be, and continue their bounty as long as it may be required. The brotherhood is limited and bound to a life of celibacy; but possessed of large revenues, which enables it to support numerous claims upon it. The chief is considered to derive great dignity from his office. Professor Wilson, in reference to this paper, stated his opinion, that the *Kánphatis*, once a very powerful body, were the founders of the Cave-temples of that part of India. The figures in these Temples are all represented with immense ear-rings, the distinguishing badge of the order, and from which, in fact, they derive their name, *Kánphatis*: meaning literally, "ear-burst." Other sects in India have large establishments, and, in some points, resemble the monastic institutions of Europe; the main difference being the freedom from restraint, every person departing and returning whenever he thinks proper.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AMONG the literary novelties forthcoming, are—1. A new work, from the pen of the accomplished Miss Pardoe; it is entitled "The River and the Desert," and forms the completion of her recent travels in various interesting countries, 2. "The Life and Correspondence of the Earl St. Vincent," a naval hero. only second to Nelson; and one to whom Nelson himself owed the chief occasions of his fame.—3. A novel, from the pen of Lady Stepney, entitled "The Courtier's Daughter," in 3 vols.; and—4. The long-announced work of that noted dramatist, Douglas Jerrold, called "Men of Character." This production is to be illustrated with numerous characteristic etchings, after drawings by Thackeray.

Illustrations of Indian Botany, or Figures illustrative of each of the Natural Orders of Indian Plants, described in the Author's "Prodromus Floræ Peninsulæ Indiæ Orientalis," but not confined to them. By Robert Wight, M.D., F.L.S., &c. &c. &c.

The Rev. H. F. Cary, so well known as the Translator of Dante and Pindar, is engaged in editing a series of the British Poets. The first volume, containing Pope's Poems and Translations, will shortly be published.

Annals of Natural History; or Magazine of Zoology, Botany, and Geology, with engravings.

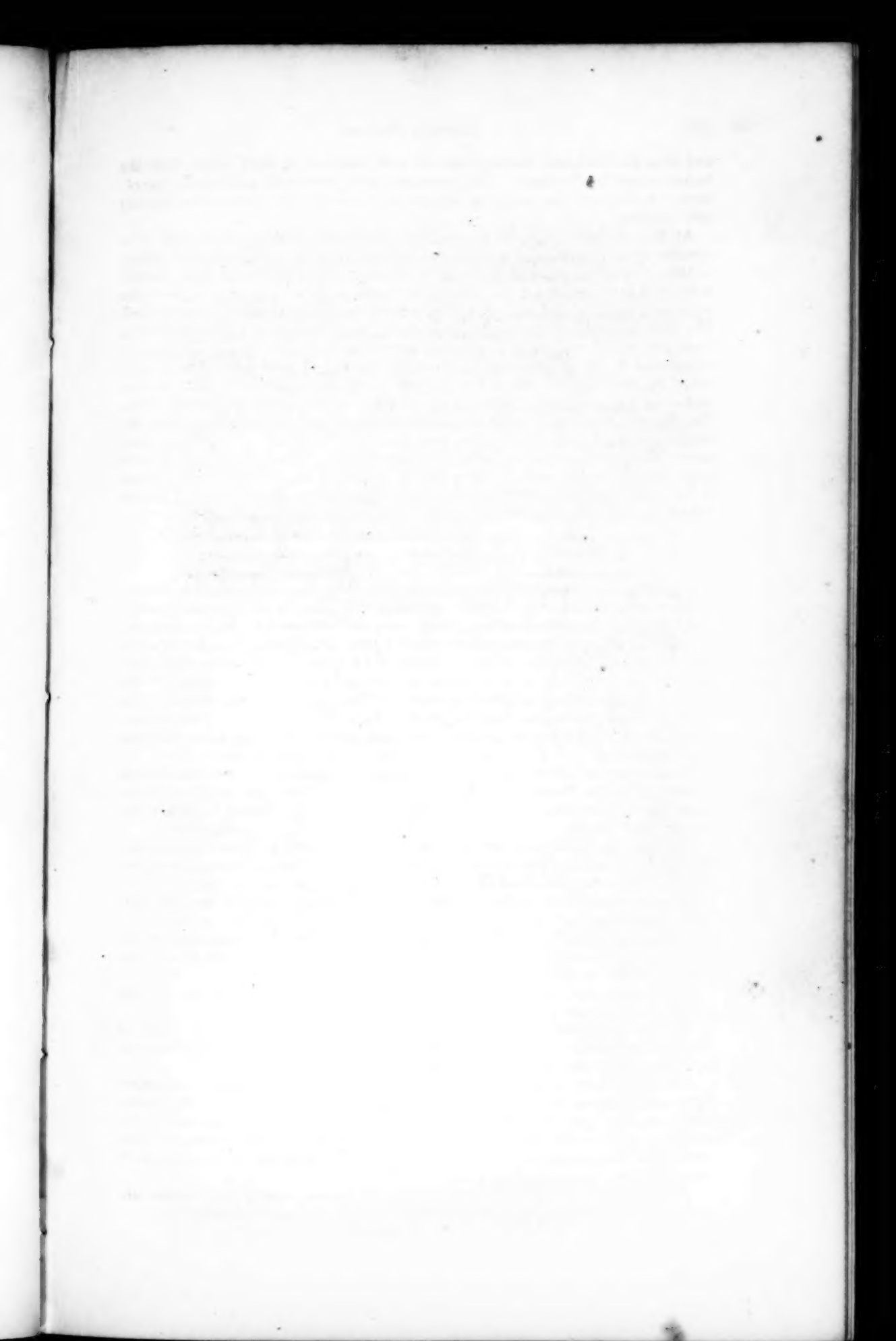
Pyramids of Gizeh: on the practical application of the Quadrature of the Circle in the Configuration of the Great Pyramids of Gizeh. By H. C. Agnew, Esq.

Gresham College: Three Inaugural Lectures. By Mr. Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of Music.

A History of Rome, from the Origin of the Roman People to the Death of Marcus Aurelius. By Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head Master of Rugby School, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.

Tabular Synopsis of the Specific Gravities of Bodies, arranged in alphabetical order: from the German of Rudolph Bottger.—A. Schloss. The translation will be executed by a gentleman devoted to scientific pursuits, long resident in Germany, and conversant with the technical phraseology of that country. Its value as a work of reference will be enhanced by the addition of the German synonyms.

A Few Words on the State of Transported Felons, and a Hint for the Improvement of their Moral Condition. By Arthur Charles Lutman.





Mr. Pickwick and the Poet.



The Interpreter's Donkey.